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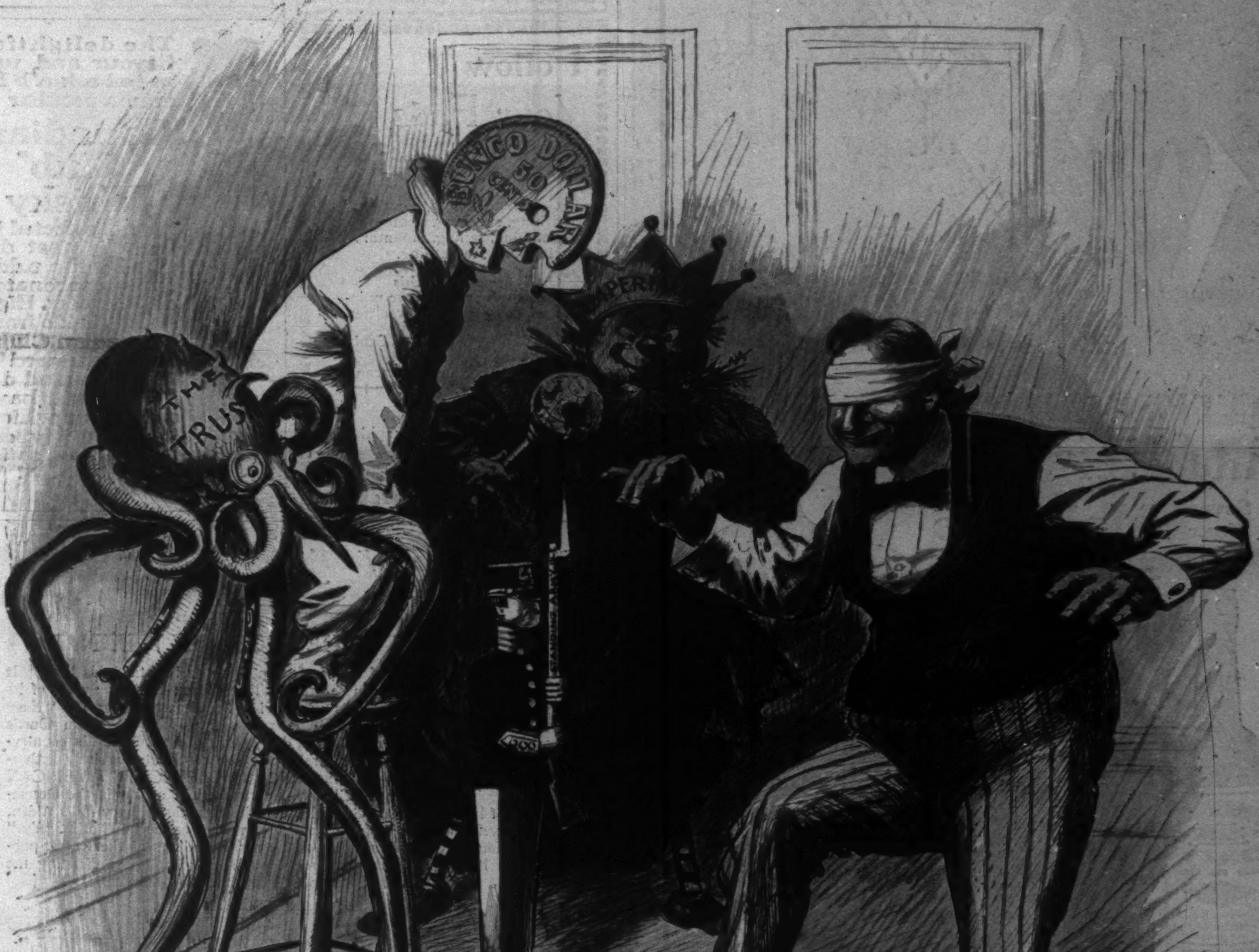
A Journal of Civilization

NEW YORK OCTOBER 27 : 1900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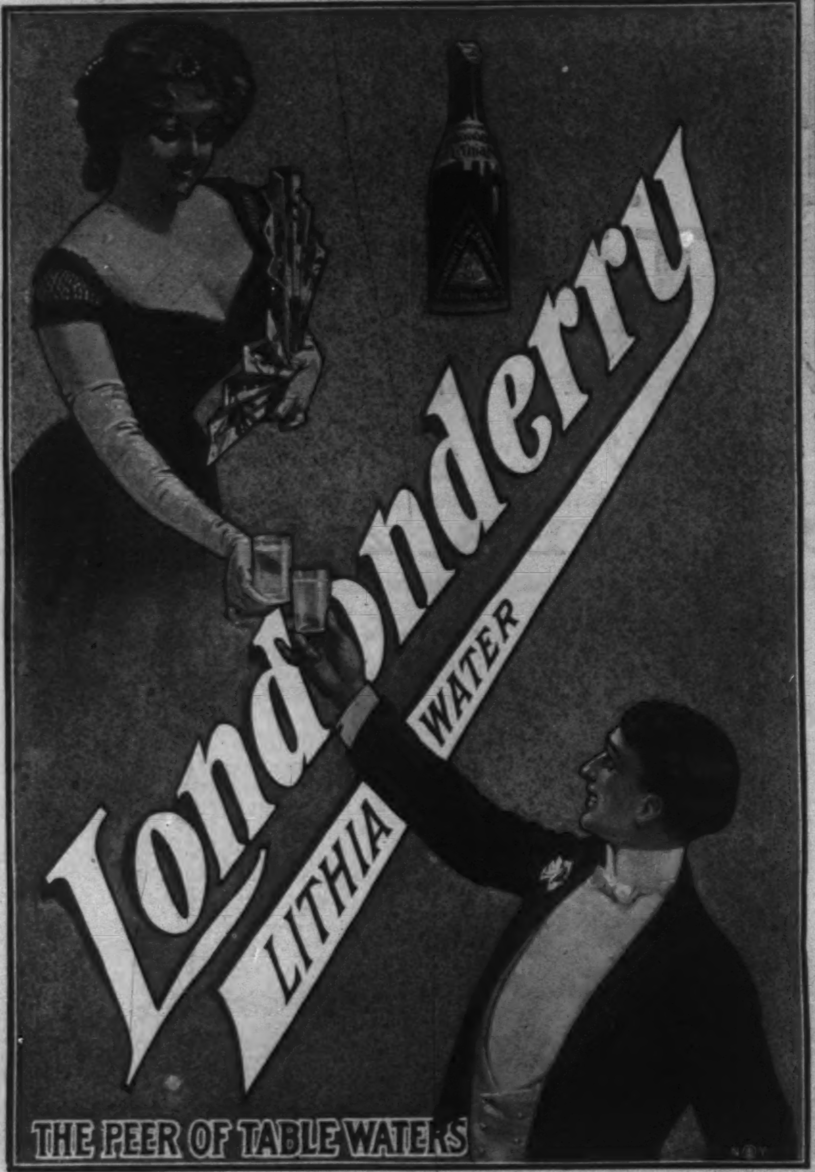

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A Noteworthy Literary Event

EDITORIAL IN THE "BOSTON JOURNAL"

THE reorganized house of Harper & Brothers sets its standards high. It wins a great accession in securing William Dean Howells as one of its literary advisers. Mr. Howells will revive the department of the "Easy Chair" in HARPER'S MAGAZINE, from which George William Curtis through so many years entertained, delighted, and instructed his countrymen and countrywomen. Mr. Howells will also contribute regularly authoritative comment on current literary affairs to THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. The first "Easy Chair" department will appear in the December issue of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. At the same time, Henry Mills Alden, for thirty years the editor of the magazine, will revive the "Editor's Study." These announcements mean much to the myriad readers of the Harper publications. It is clear that wise brains and strong hands are directing the destinies of this the most famous publishing house of America.

EDITORIAL IN THE "NEW YORK TRIBUNE"

IT will be a gratification to many readers of HARPER'S MAGAZINE to learn of some new arrangements which have just been completed for that periodical, the results of which will be seen first in the Christmas number. The "Easy Chair," which George William Curtis conducted for so many years, and made one of the most delightful features of the magazine, till it was discontinued at his death, just eight years ago, is to be restored. It will be carried on by Mr. William Dean Howells. Furthermore, there will again be an "Editor's Study" among the last pages of the magazine. This will be conducted by Mr. Henry Mills Alden, the editor, who, for the first time in his thirty-seven years' service on the magazine, will contribute regularly to it. The new "Study," however, will be on different lines from those that governed it when Mr. Howells, and afterward Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, wrote it. It is explained that the need has been felt for some medium to express the peculiarly intimate relations that exist between the old-time readers of the magazine and the editor; and under Mr. Alden's direction it will be henceforth a kind of organ of communication between them.

Mr. Howells will also be a regular contributor to THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, writing for it, if not every month, as often as there seems to be occasion for him to speak to the readers of that magazine. His services have been exclusively retained by the house of Harper & Brothers, who will hereafter publish everything he writes. This statement is not invalidated by the previous one, for, as is well known, Mr. G. B. M. Harvey, Editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, is also the managing head of Harper & Brothers, and that magazine is edited and published in the Franklin Square house.

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No. 2288

HARPER'S WEEKLY

October 27
1900

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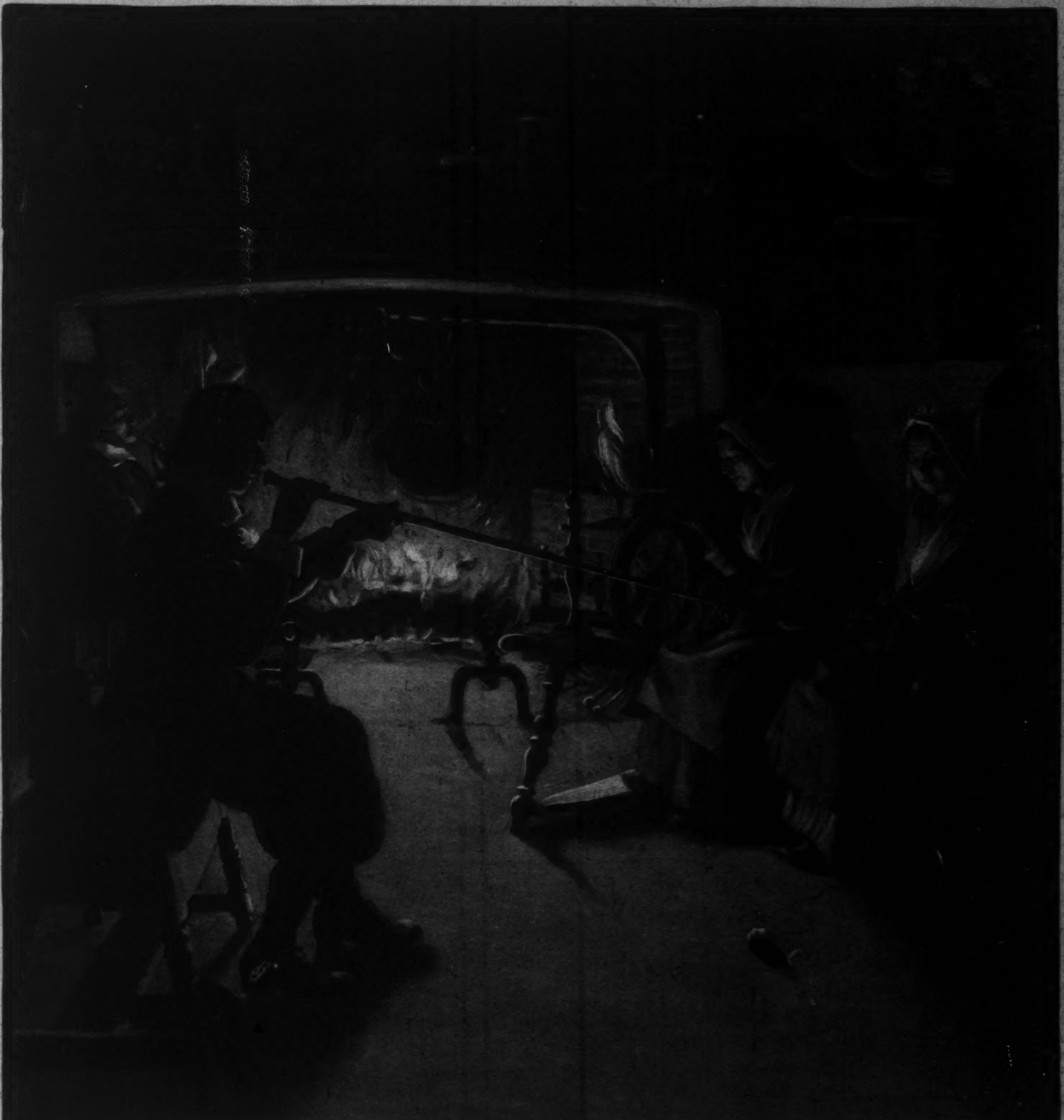

HALLOWEEN IN COLONIAL DAYS.

FEW HOUSES HAD MORE THAN ONE ROOM FOR THE RECEPTION OF VISITORS. THE YOUNG PEOPLE THEREFORE RESORTED TO THE INGENIOUS METHOD OF COMMUNICATION KNOWN AS THE WHISPERING ROD.

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WEEKLY

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In the Enemy's Country

FOR a second time as a candidate Mr. Bryan has ventured into what he once felicitously termed the Enemy's Country, and the Enemy has treated him with the most distinguished consideration. The very flower of New York's political aristocracy turned out to meet him upon his arrival at the Grand Central Station, and from Forty-second Street to Fourteenth Street, during his brief stay in the metropolis, all was ablaze in his honor. Madison Square took on an aspect of glory by night that should have stirred the singular mind concealed within the massive head of the eminent Populist to great thoughts and to pregnant utterances. The vast throngs of people, almost as great as when the circus comes to town, at every opportunity let loose such cries of welcome as should have spurred the great commoner on to the deliverance of an inspired message to his people, such a one, for instance, as Moses himself might have envied. In the presence of such splendor of surroundings, with bared head before that vast concourse of people, in the face of such an opportunity to prove himself an ordained leader of men, the Enemy had a right to expect such words of wisdom to fall from the lips of this fount of eloquence as would have placed him in the class of Phillips, Webster, and even of Demosthenes himself. Even those of us who expect little from Bryan the candidate looked for something from Bryan the man, under conditions which would prove an inspiration to the dullest soul, that should indicate some measure of his fitness to occupy the loftiest office the world has within its power to give. Even the most prejudiced, most bitterly partisan, of his opponents looked for a phrase which should give some shadow of justification to the claim of this man that he is of our very soil, that his is the voice of the people, that he is the incarnation of American ideals and aspirations, that he is the long-looked-for prophet who shall raise up his people out of bondage and lead them into the promised land of peace, plenty, and true happiness. In short, the Enemy looked for bread, but Mr. Bryan had only stones to give him. The flotsam and jetsam of his dozen or more recent speeches in Indiana, Wisconsin, and Michigan were served up before the throngs that greeted him with so cordial a welcome, and for some reason or other the candidate did not even take the trouble to warm them over, to recast their form, to change even a single word in the bulk of his periods. A careful reading of his four addresses, as authoritatively presented to the consideration of the public by the only wholly Bryanized organ in this vicinity, fails to disclose a half-dozen lines which could not have been culled from the columns of the daily press a week before his arrival in New York. A prophet, had he been so minded, could have prepared, both in thought and in word, advance sheets of the Madison Square Garden address with the aid of a pair of scissors and a pot of mucilage ten days before Mr. Bryan crossed the borders of the State of New York. Nor, in the face of a grave responsibility to himself, to his party, to his country, to the dignity of the high office to which he aspires, could the candidate divest himself of the rôle of the incendiary which for the past month has been his chosen part, and plead for the preservation of law and order, for respect for authority, as well as for the observance of that portion of the decalogue which enjoins upon all men the wickedness of bearing false witness.

From all of which we gather either that Mr. Bryan is neither a great man nor a great orator, or that he spoke to a singularly barren lot of people, from whom no re-enforcement of his alleged genius as a public speaker could have been expected. President Garfield once said that "no man can make a speech alone. It is the great human power that strikes up from a thousand minds that acts upon him and makes the speech." It is impossible to believe that there was not enough "human power" in the many thousand minds to which Mr. Bryan addressed himself to move him to a great effort, and as a human organization susceptible to impressions and the ordinary influences of life, therefore, the candidate must be set down as a failure, unless with Montaigne he believes "that eloquence is an engine invented to manage and wield at will the fierce democracy, and, like medicine to the sick, is only employed in the paroxysms of a disordered state." It may be that Mr. Bryan wished to compliment his audience by withholding the medicine of eloquence, lest he should seem to imply that in their disordered state they needed it. We think it more likely, however, that in this as in most other instances Mr. Bryan has proven himself unequal to an opportunity such as rarely falls to the lot of man, and has made more than ever clear the serious limitations which make him unfit for the Presidential office.

The Right Hand of Fellowship

TWO weeks ago we invited Mr. Bryan, who seemed really in need of an issue large enough to be paramount all over the country, to study Crokerism, and after a thorough consideration of its intricacies and real significance to take his stand upon one side or the other of the questions involved. We apprised him of the fact that in Crokerism he would find at last a question large enough to cover every inch of territory in the United States, with a sufficient surplus to reach to the Philippine Islands on the one side, to Cuba and Porto Rico on the other. We told him in simple terms that as the issue unfolded itself to him, as it surely must do if he would study it intelligently, and with a mind unbiassed by personal considerations, he would see how in its essence it is a sort of *omnium gatherum* in which Imperialism, free riot, discredited courts, any kind of money, all kinds of money, morality (public and private), government monopoly, private ownership of public franchises, public proprietorship of private business—all conceivable questions that can possibly come up for discussion in a political campaign—are directly involved. In order that Mr. Bryan should not be deceived into thinking that Crokerism is merely a local issue, we published at the same time an article, the truth of which has not been denied, because it cannot be, showing the cost of Tammany Hall in Flesh and Blood. We showed where that flesh and blood in some part came from, and therefore in just what respect the existence of this great New York Voting Trust is a menace to the welfare of every home in this country. We stated to Mr. Bryan that he would find the theme significant enough, once he had mastered it, to consume every moment of his speaking-time from then until the sixth day of November, and we added that whether he touched upon it publicly or not, he would better study it closely, because sooner or later it was bound to obtrude itself upon him, and he should be prepared either to give to it the outstretched hand of fellowship, or to administer that stinging rebuke to which it is so richly entitled.

Mr. Bryan appears to have accepted the invitation, and he has openly chosen the side upon which he must stand or fall. Sooner than was generally expected Crokerism obtruded itself upon him, and the candidate spoke.

"Great is Tammany," he cried at Cooper Union on the evening of October 17, "and Croker is its prophet!" he added, with a vehemence which showed his measure of the debt he owes to the Autocrat of New York city.

There is nothing equivocal about this. It is a square outspoken declaration, and from this time on we have the candidate's own authorization for declaring the alliance between himself and Crokerism to be final and complete. This unblushing defiance of public sentiment but confirms the constantly growing impression that Mr. Bryan realizes at last the impossibility of his election to the Presidency.

The Issue of Nonsense

IN all their foolish talk about an American emperor the Anti-Imperialists, without realizing it perhaps, do little honor to the commonsense of the American people, and pay a remarkable tribute to the courage of the Imperial servants of this nation who are now looking after the administration of the laws at Washington. If it were not that with their seething eloquence the Anti-Imperialist agitators have succeeded in frightening a number of good but timid souls into an alliance with Populism, as well as into an advocacy of a policy of shame in domestic and foreign affairs, the situation would be ludicrous. It is always a sad sight to see a good mind take on an abnormal twist because by some trick of the perceptions conditions are distorted out of all semblance to reality. It seems inconceivable that ordinarily sane persons like Mr. Olney, for instance, who have had abundant opportunity to study the characteristics and temper of the American people, can for one moment imagine that any man or any set of men would be foolish enough to embark upon any such perilous enterprise as the setting up of an empire in the place of this republic. We cannot quite agree with the statement of Mr. John L. Shepherd, the other day, that "the President who would dare to attempt a coup d'état would be filled as full of holes as a porous plaster within fifteen minutes after making the declaration," because Americans are not given to violence, even if incited thereto by agitators of the Bryan order, but we are quite confident that the President who attempted any such thing would be covered with so much ridicule, and his declaration would be received with so universal a howl of derision, that he would soon be found hiding his diminished head in the most convenient bit of obscurity obtainable, even if he did not fill himself "as full of holes as a porous plaster." All the Imperial splendor in the world transplanted to American soil would wither into sheer nothingness in the face of the sense of humor of the American people, and any man who thinks or says otherwise thinks or says what is arrant nonsense, and we believe that most of them know it.

The Strike

IT appears probable at this writing that the coal strike is about to be settled to the satisfaction of both parties to the trouble. In the main the miners seem to have won a signal victory, since it is hardly possible that such concessions as have been made to them have been brought about wholly by the pressure of political considerations. There has been little doubt in the minds of those who have taken the trouble to look into the conditions which have prevailed in the coal regions that there were wrongs which needed rectification, and which were ample justification for the miners' attitude. These seemed to be largely the result of a system, however, rather than the conscious infraction of the rights of the men by the operators, and now that the immediate conflict between the contending parties is practically over, it becomes the part of wisdom for those in whose hands the future welfare of the section rests to get together and devise some plan of operation by which conflicts of so serious and far-reaching importance may be avoided in the future.

A word of congratulation should be offered both to the men and to the authorities upon the pleasing fact that the strike has progressed from start to finish without any serious manifestations of violence. It speaks well for the men that with so many thousands of them standing idle for so long a period of time, and in the face of no little temptation to do otherwise, they have conducted themselves so well, and with so marked a respect for order. The authorities, too, have handled a very delicate situation with commendable skill.

Mr. Bryan's New York Speeches

APART from one or two ridiculous jests, there was nothing remarkable in what Mr. Bryan said in his Madison Square Garden speech and the speeches with which he followed it last Tuesday evening in New York city. But there was much that was very remarkable in what he did not say.

Mr. Bryan came to New York to persuade New York's people to vote for him for President. He perfectly knew upon what grounds the men of affairs in this great nerve centre of the country's commerce and industry object to his election and fear it. Yet from beginning to end of his addresses to them he said not one word to allay their fears or to remove their objections. He came as the candidate of a party that in its platform, framed by himself, proposes to destroy the prosperity of this people by debasing the coinage, by compelling the wholesale repudiation of debts, by cutting in two every wage-scale, every savings-bank deposit, every life-insurance obligation, every fixed income, every bond of every corporation, and every other debt owed by anybody to anybody. Personally and politically he is pledged to this destructive programme as neither he nor any other candidate was ever before pledged to any course of action whatever. It is on this account that the men of New York fear and dread Mr. Bryan's election. It is on this account that scores of thousands of them abandoned their party relations and put aside their political prejudices four years ago in order to keep him out of the Presidency and avert the evils which his election would bring upon the country. It is for this reason alone, or at any rate chiefly, that the practically decisive electoral vote of this great industrial and commercial State is almost certain to be cast against him again this year, to his inevitable undoing. It is concerning this question that every New York mind is full of interrogation-marks when Mr. Bryan comes hither to ask for support. It is within his knowledge that if he could allay this fear the electoral vote of New York would very probably be his, and with it the Presidency. Surely, then, this is the question concerning which Mr. Bryan should have talked in his speeches to New-Yorkers, if he expected to win their suffrages to his support. Yet this is the one subject about which he refused to talk to them at all. In all the great river of words that flowed from his lips while he was in New York, there was not one sentence in explanation of his anarchistic financial programme, not one word calculated to allay the apprehension with which every man of affairs, every thrifty working-man, and every intelligent owner of a little hoard of any kind looks upon his candidacy. His only reference to the subject was a complaint that the Republicans insist upon discussing this issue when it would be much more comfortable for him to talk about something else.

Whatever platforms may proclaim, and whatever Mr. Bryan may desire, the question of honest or dishonest money is paramount in the minds of New York voters—from the bankers and great captains of finance who manage the vast and delicate machinery of our commerce and our industries, all the way down to the husband or son of the washer-woman who has put away a little sum of money in the savings-bank, and wants to know whether it is to be paid back in full-value dollars or in dollars that will buy no more than fifty cents' worth at the butcher's and baker's.

"Let us not talk of these things," says Mr. Bryan in effect. "Let us not waste our time over mere domestic issues. No matter what I intend to do with your dollars. No matter whether your wages are to be cut in two in their purchasing power or not. Never mind about your wretched little savings-bank deposits. Let us talk of larger things. These are merely 'domestic issues.' Let us devote our attention instead to the Filipinos. Don't alarm yourselves about my proposal to reduce your wages and your savings to one-half their present value. Let me give you a really good scare instead with my carefully constructed spook called 'Imperialism.' Let me tell you how horribly you are enslaved by the Trusts without knowing it."

This is not banter. It is not badinage. It is not even exaggeration. In sober truth it is the substance of what Mr. Bryan has had to say to the voters of a State whose votes must determine whether or not he is to occupy the seat of Washington, and Jefferson, and Lincoln.

And when Mr. Bryan comes to talk of "Imperialism" and of "Trusts," he talks a twaddle so arrant in its absurdity that only idiots could be misled by it.

He tells us that the very existence of our free institutions, the very life of that "government of the people, by the people, for the people," of which Lincoln spoke at Gettysburg, depends upon his election to the Presidency. But he does not tell us why or how. Like Carl Schurz, and E. M. Shepard, and Bourke Cockran, and the other followers of the Imperialistic bugaboo, he stops short just at the point where we expect him to go on with an explanation. Like them he utterly fails to tell us of any project for a change in our institutions, or any means by which designing "Imperialists" could persuade "two-thirds of both Houses" of Congress and "three-fourths" of the State Legislatures to authorize any such change. In his mouth as in theirs it is all a glittering generality, a "spook issue" without bodily form or substance.

Imperialism is a thing invented "for campaign purposes only." The reason for its being is that those who would profit by the scare it is intended to produce wish to blind men's eyes to their fell purpose of debasing the coinage, debauching the currency, betraying the national good name, repudiating debts, and playing havoc with that extraordinary prosperity which just now makes this the happiest nation in the world.

In common with Mr. Schurz, Mr. Shepard, and all the rest of the sentimentalists, Mr. Bryan talks glibly about Imperialism without ever telling us what he means by it or by what conceivable process it can fasten itself upon the republic. He ignores, as they do, the fact that the framers of our government hedged it about in extraordinary fashion with an impenetrable abatis of safeguards. There is nothing of human construction in this world that it is so difficult to change as the Constitution of the United States. At present nobody wants to change it except Mr. Bryan and the revolutionary forces whose candidate he is. They avow their purpose so to alter it as to enlarge the taxing power of Congress, and to make of the Supreme Court a bench of politically elective judges, holding office for brief terms, and amenable to every passing whim of popular passion.

In his anxiety to make his spook of Imperialism do the grimacing that it was constructed to do, Mr. Bryan turns pure demagogue, and dishonest demagogue at that. As a proof of Imperialism he cites the fact that we now have an army of 100,000 men—somewhat less than half the peace establishment of Turkey or Italy; though Mr. Bryan does not call attention to the difference. Nor does he mention the fact that of this little army of 100,000 men—very badly needed a few weeks ago for the protection of American citizens in China—35,000 are not regular soldiers at all, but volunteers under temporary enlistments limited by statute law to July 1, 1901, when the total force under the President's command, in Cuba, Porto Rico, China, the Philippines, and the United States, must be reduced to a skeleton army of 65,000 men—scarcely enough to garrison the forts and take care of the cannon that protect our sea-coast cities against invasion. Surely Mr. Bryan was not quite candid—to put it politely—when he presented this matter in this way.

He was very much worse than uncandid when he said to a Tammany mob:

"I believe that one of the reasons that they want a large army is to build a fort in this city and use the army to suppress by force that discontent that ought to be cured by legislation."

As Mr. Bryan is neither a fool nor a drunken man, it is certain that he "believes" nothing of the kind. His utterance was reckless incendiarism, unexcused even by possible ignorance. It is not less than a calamity when a candidate for the most exalted office on earth descends to so low a level of demagogy as this. Fortunately such an utterance of incendiary suggestion can only result in provoking the resentment of honest and sensible men. The American people have seen a million and a quarter American soldiers in arms as their defenders; they have seen that great army dissolve and the men composing it go back to civil life without even a suggestion of disorder. They are not to be scared now by a regular army of 65,000 men—less than one soldier to a thousand of population—especially as nearly the whole body of our soldiery is in foreign lands, and the total force within our own country is too small even to police our forts.

Concerning the Filipinos Mr. Bryan is as vague in his outgivings as an oracle usually is. He is sure that we ought to set those people free, but he does not tell us how. Having come into sovereignty over their islands by Mr. Bryan's own procurement—for it is his pride that the treaty of peace with Spain could not have been ratified without his agency—we certainly cannot abandon them to savagery. We cannot let go our hold upon them until their people shall have organized an orderly government of their own, and they can organize such a government only under our direction and in pursuance of our initiative. That, indeed, is Mr. Bryan's own programme, or was so when he was explaining his activity in behalf of the treaty that saddled us with sovereignty in the Philippines. It is precisely the policy that the present Administration is pursuing. Even Mr. Bryan has never been intemperate enough in his thinking to suggest that we should turn over the archipelago to the government of the small minority of a single tribe represented by Aguinaldo and his band of bandits. And there is no other organized body in the Philippines that even pretends to be a government.

Mr. Bryan cites Cuba as furnishing an example of what we should do at Manila. But in Cuba we did not recognize the bandit "republic." On the contrary, we held that there was no orderly government there, and we have ourselves exercised authority in the island, even in the minutest details, pending the formation of a government, and we have ourselves taken control of the processes by which such government is to be created. The policy of the Administration in the Philippines has been precisely the same; but there it has been baffled somewhat by an insurrection encouraged by Anti-Imperialist twaddle in the United States, and stimulated by the false hope that Mr. Bryan, if elected, may recognize Aguinaldo's ring as a legitimate government, haul down our flag, and abandon the archipelago to a riot of savage civil war first, and to German, English, or some other spoliation afterwards.

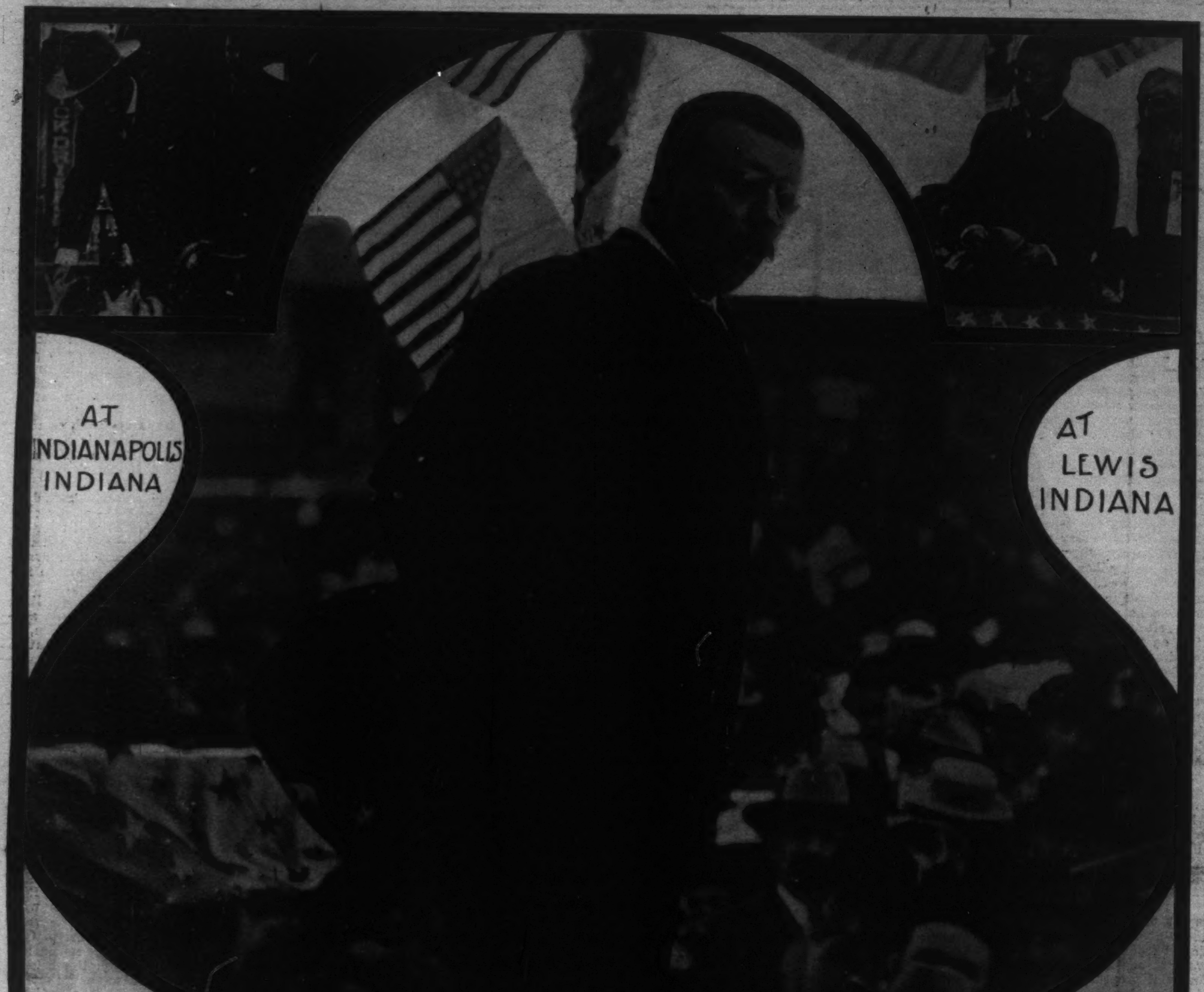
On the subject of "Trusts" he talked with as reckless an ignorance as that which inspired his platform-makers. Like them he classed all corporations as public enemies, to be suppressed by legislative act. Like them he suggested that every corporation doing business outside the State of its creation should be compelled to "squeeze all water out of its stock"—that is to say, should allow nothing of stock for inventions, good-will, earning capacity, or any other of those things which enlightened business men everywhere regard as capital. He proposed further to forbid by statute law every attempt at monopoly.

He forgot or ignored the fact that in owning a little farm, whose acres he would certainly not permit anybody else to cultivate without paying rent to him, he is himself a monopolist. He ignored the fact that in every patent issued the government not only grants but protects a monopoly. He forgot that when his ambition to be President of the United States shall have been finally laid at rest by the votes of his countrymen, his government, under its copyright laws, will grant him a monopoly in the book that shall tell the story of his attempt to secure the most exalted office in the world by a threat to debase his country's coinage and repudiate its promise to pay its creditors in full. He overlooked the fact that every man who engages in business at all tries hard and legitimately to monopolize all that he can of the business he is doing.

In an article entitled "The Trumped-up Issue of the Trusts," HARPER'S WEEKLY has already sufficiently discussed this matter. It has called Mr. Bryan's attention to the official report of the Attorney-General of the United States for 1893. In that report, Richard Olney, Democrat of bluest blood, and lawyer without a superior in all the land, ridiculed the Sherman anti-trust law as a futile attempt on the part of Congress to do what the Constitution gives it no authority to do. He showed clearly that this matter belongs almost exclusively to State jurisdiction, and that all the clamor for the enforcement of existing national statutes concerning it, or for the enactment of other and severer laws, has its origin in crass ignorance of the fundamental principles of our government. Mr. Bryan is a lawyer and a man who keeps himself informed concerning public affairs. Surely he is not ignorant of this opinion of the greatest Democratic Attorney-General that the country has had since Caleb Cushing's time. And yet if he has ever read Mr. Olney's report with its citations of judicial rulings, he is guilty of a very flagrant suppression of truth when he criticises Mr. McKinley for having neglected to recommend further anti-trust legislation to Congress.

Mr. Bryan has also doubtless read the official report of Mr. Olney's successor—that other great Democratic Attorney-General, Judson Harmon. If he has seen the reports of these two, he knows perfectly that to talk of enforcing the Sherman anti-trust law or of enacting a more effective Federal statute on the subject, is wilfully to mislead those who listen to him. He knows that the highest United States court that has ever made a deliverance on the subject has judicially declared that in the contemplation of law there can be no such thing as a "monopoly," unless the man holding it is authorized by the law itself to forbid any other person to engage in business as his rival. He knows that according to the decisions of the United States courts, there is no power in Congress to enact constitutional legislation on this subject. He knows, as Attorney-General Olney and Attorney-General Harmon have told him, that while all national law-making on this subject is necessarily unconstitutional and ineffective, the several States have full power to deal with it by statute, and their courts have authority to suppress and punish attempts at the control of markets without waiting for any statutes at all, because such attempts are criminal at common law, as was shown in the sugar-trust proceeding in New York nearly twenty years ago.

As Mr. Bryan is a lawyer and a man who keeps himself in touch with public affairs, he certainly knows the truth as to this matter, and yet he deliberately suppresses and actively misrepresents it. It is not less than astonishing that a candidate for the Presidency should be guilty of such prevarication. It is very positively shocking to the moral sense that such a man should so shamelessly trifle with the truth. The only excuse that an over-charitable mind can suggest is that possibly a man who has convinced himself of the righteousness of repudiation, a man who sincerely believes that the "breath of Congress" can make fifty cents equal a dollar, is capable of believing any absurdity that may happen to present itself to his mind.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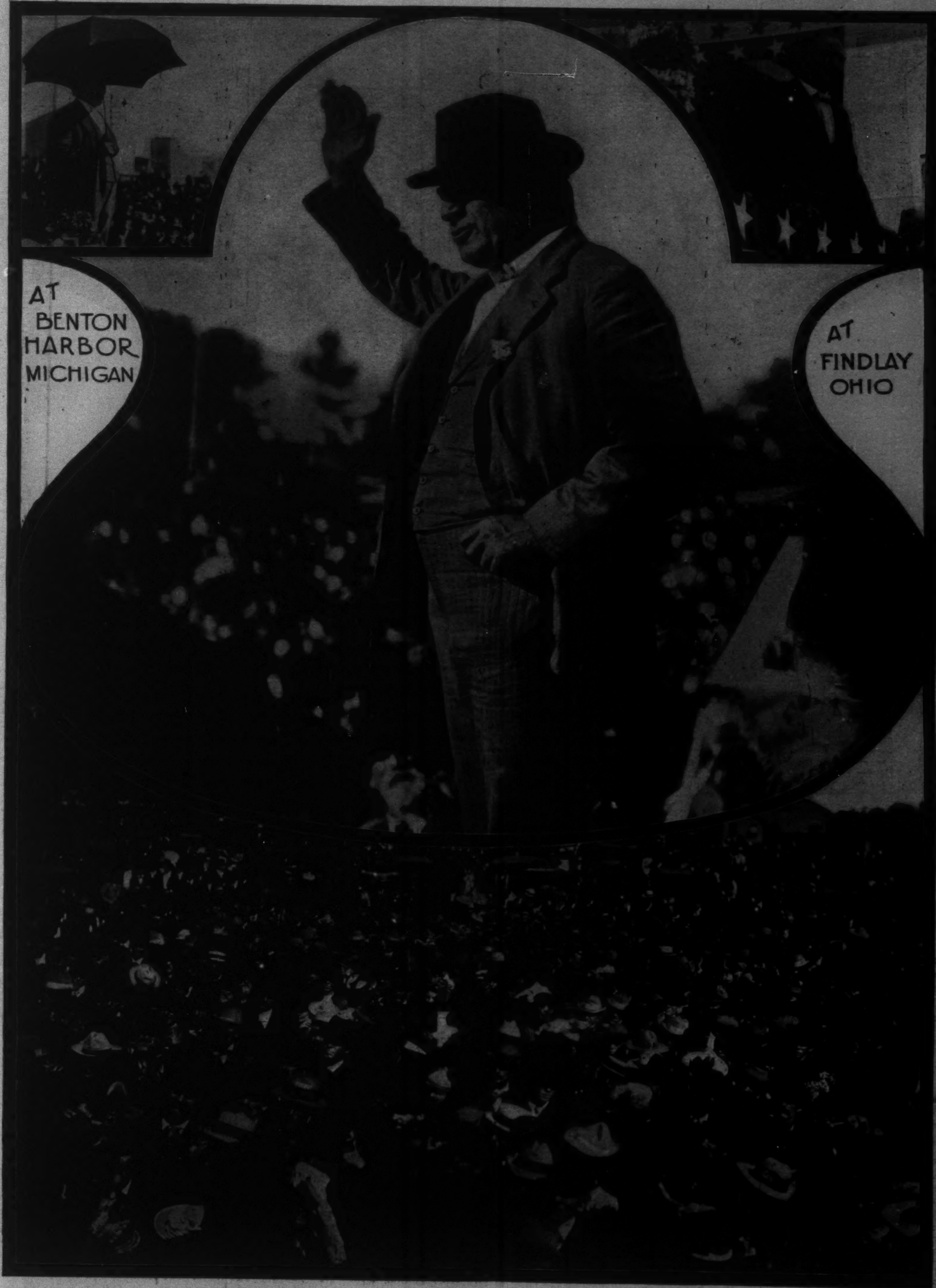
AT LEWIS INDIANA

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT ON THE STUMP.


AT BENTON HARBOR MICHIGAN
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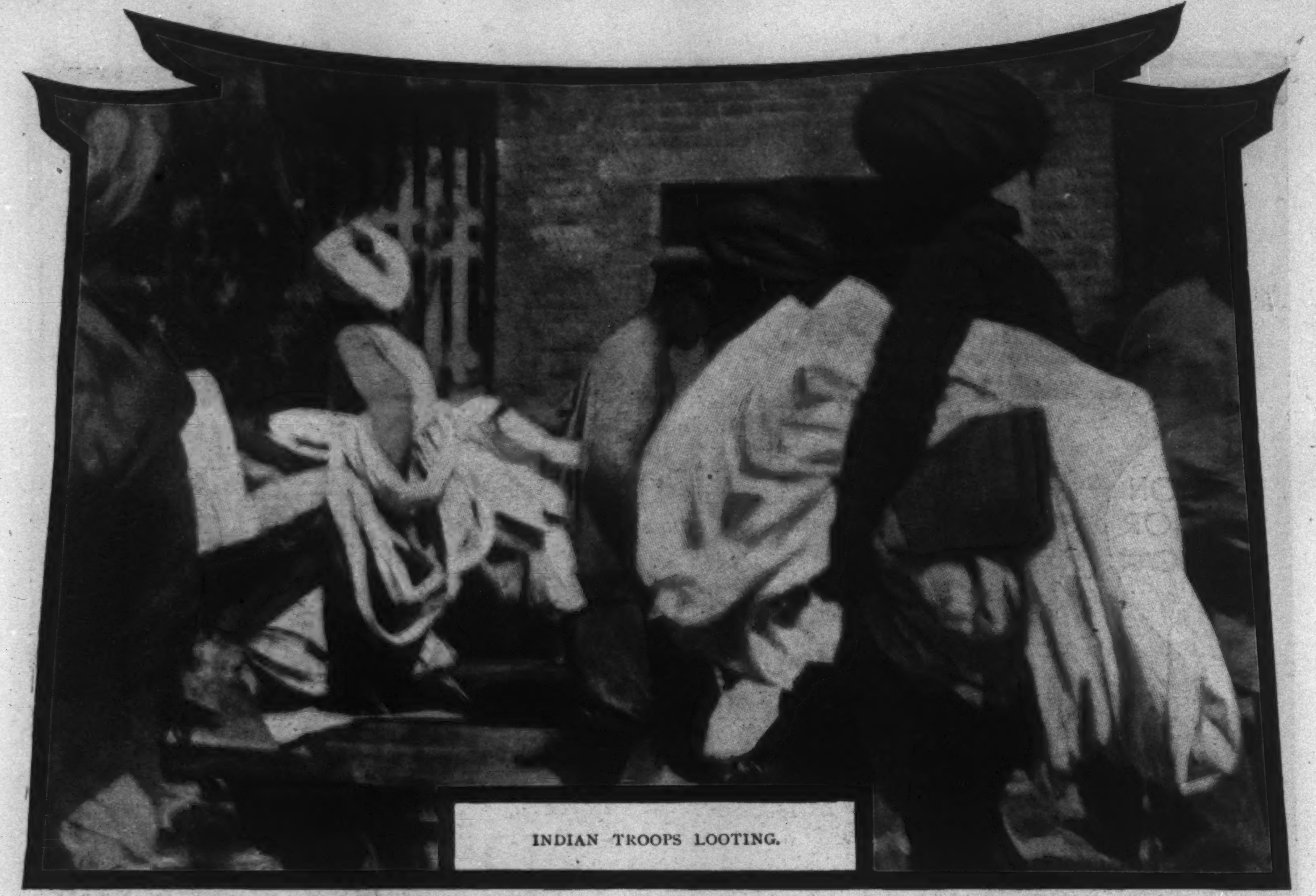
MR. BRYAN ON THE STUMP.



INDIAN TROOPS LOOTING.

THE LOOT AND THE MAN.

By Charles Denby, Jr.

TIENTSIN, CHINA, *August 28, 1900.*

THE joint invasion of North China by the soldiers of eight powers has afforded an unexampled opportunity for a comparison of their respective attainments in the various branches of the art of war. Some are beautifully drilled, others show their admirable qualities under the hardship of prolonged hunger and fatigue; some are at their best in desperate defence, and others shine pre-eminent in furious assault.

There are none braver than the young, clean-limbed, wiry soldiers of our own republic; none more stubborn in defence than the stolid Cossack; none more patient and persistent in taking advantage of every chance against the enemy than the men of new Japan; none under more perfect discipline than the Germans; none more experienced and reliable than the British soldier. When it comes to looting, however, that culmination of war, that operation which follows successful attack, and for many soldiers seems the crowning art of their profession, the international army is especially worth watching, and each arm thereof shows its own peculiarities. The Englishman is a stolid sort of looter. He half expects that some license to loot is to be given to him, and, without waiting on formality, he proceeds to carry off tables and chairs, bedclothes and clumsy boxes, which he is destined to part with on his next advance. We could pay many compliments to our English cousin: let us sum him up by saying that he attracts less attention because he is, here as everywhere, what two centuries of experience lead the world to expect to find him.

The Italian in looting, true to the instincts of his race, goes in for music. During the siege of Tientsin, when whistling shells drove all our thoughts from gentle arts, four Italian sailors were seen laboriously carrying away a grand-piano, with which they wished to while away the idle hours between fierce sortie and desperate defence. It has been generally noticed that the Russian does not care to carry things away. His is a young and boisterous nature. When he enters a house filled with priceless heirlooms of Chinese curios and porcelain, he cheerfully and indiscriminately smashes everything. All is alike to him: a peachblow vase, perhaps the only specimen of its kind in the world, a foreign picture, the pride of some merchant's collection—*nitchivo*, "it is no matter," and a bayonet-thrust leaves a crushed mass. If there are women and children in the house, the worse for them: their crushing will give pleasure also, and then on to the next house for a similar programme.

In determination in looting the American surpasses all. Don't disturb him when you find him at it unless you take the precaution to see him first. He is like a dog with a bone: he don't like to be disturbed. Let him alone, and, after he is tired of his tawdry treasure, he will take a drink with you at the nearest canteen, and part for nothing with an object which he had risked liberty or even life to secure. It is a national trait—earnestness, intense devotion to the immediate end, then indifference; the pleasure of pursuit, not the pleasure of possession. Long life to the American soldier! No one knows his full possibilities, for he has always more than met all the demands upon him. When he goes into battle he casts off his blanket roll, then go his provisions, then his precious canteen, last resource against thirst when he may lie wounded on the burning plains of China. But note that he keeps his rifle and his cartridge-belt, because he needs them to kill the enemy, and that is his purpose. When the night comes he will shiver hungry on the ground, but when the morning sun brings him face to face with death again you find him with gun and cartridge ready, with an empty stomach perhaps, but a heart full of determination to carry forward his country's flag. I have seen him under fire, meeting the fatal bullet with careless jest, and I have seen him in the fiercer ordeal of the hospital operating-room. Firm purpose, brave words, heroic conduct, are natural to him. He will get drunk sometimes in the intervals of fights, drunker perhaps than his comrades of other nations, and oftener drunk; he will loot when occasion offers with an intensity of purpose worthy of a better cause, but he will fight without wavering against any odds; he will not abuse a victory, and, in China at least, he has ill-treated no woman and has brained no child. War is hell, but the American soldier is the least hellish of its agents.

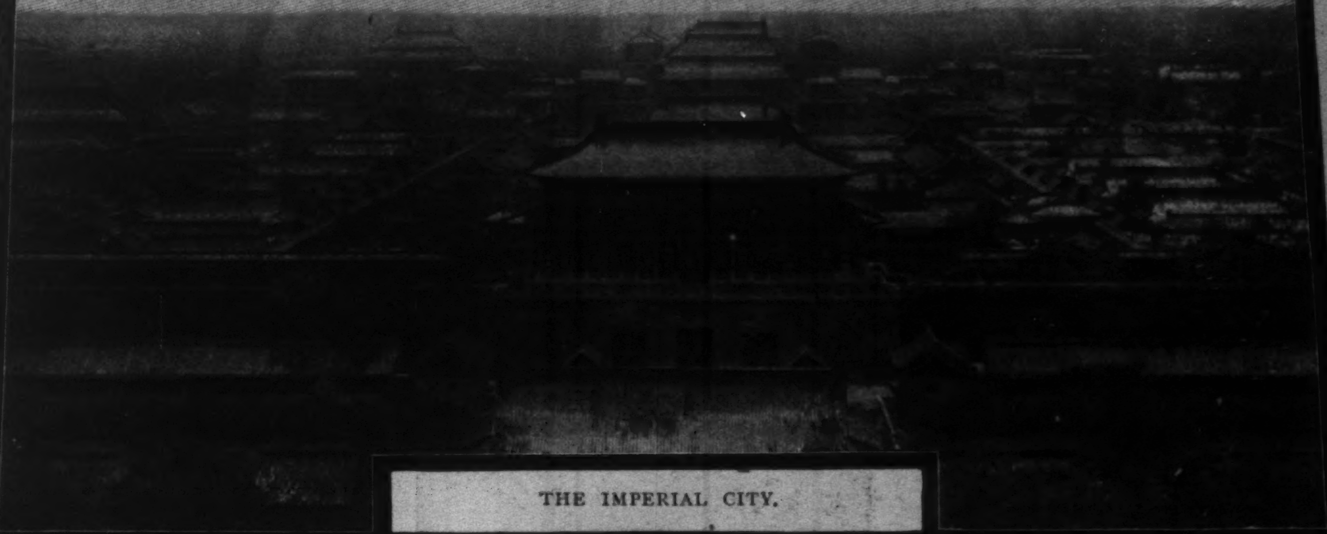
The Frenchman is an interesting character. What a trivial nature! I have seen one marching with his fellows, feet encased in huge bear-skin slippers, dancing to the music. Fun is what he is after, something good to eat and good to drink, a merry jest, the campaign a holiday. If there be a woman around, look out! Be she virtuous, so much the worse for her, and many a ruined home, many a husband with brain crushed in while defending the person of his wife, bears frightful witness to war's unloosing of the fiercest passions. Such crimes have been frequent in this campaign, and our civilization recoils humiliated at the small difference that distinguishes us from the barbarism of our enemy. The Chinese murder and torture, many of their deeds rank high in the scale of callous fiendishness, but crimes against women are few among them.

The Frenchman is a picturesque looter. Here comes one down the streets of Tientsin native city. In his arms he carries a huge lacquer box—Japanese lacquer worth perhaps fifty francs new in Japan. He has broken all the rules of military discipline, risked his life, perhaps committed murder, to get it. It is very large, and the roads are bad and he can't see over it. Now he lifts it up and looks under it, now he holds it far aside and gets a peep around it. Suddenly he stops; there is another prize on the side of the road; some one has dropped a gaudy handkerchief—a moment's hesitation, a longing look at his box, but the handkerchief has triumphed. The lacquer is cast contemptuously away, and with the handkerchief entwining his happy face, on he goes, and he will part with that to the first almond-eyed girl that condescends to smile upon him.

The Japanese is a striking soldier, but for private loot he doesn't amount to much. For large operations under his officer's guidance he is very effective, and in this campaign many hundreds of thousands of ounces of silver were noiselessly transferred by these industrious workers from Tientsin city to the shores of Ta Nippon. As a soldier, however, all admire and respect the "Jap"; there is no better military machine in the world than the Japanese army, probably none so good. "Jappie," as he is affectionately called, does not care for drink and never gets drunk. In fact, it would take him half a month's pay to buy a bottle of beer. He does not care much what he eats; he stands cold and heat with equal equanimity; he can live anywhere; he always obeys orders, and goes where he is told to go and stays where he is told to stay. The Japanese generals regard their men as a body, not as a collection of units; a loss of five hundred is only a certain percentage, not so many lives dear to some one cut off in the prime of health and vigor. The Japanese seems callous; he is probably warm and lovable to those who know him well. On the 13th of July, when the allied forces lay under the terrible fire from the walls of Tientsin city, and to show half an inch of head meant death, occurred a striking incident. The Japanese occupied a row of mud huts along a canal leading to the south gate of the city, about half a mile away. An interval of two hundred and fifty yards between two rows of these houses was a zone of death, and the Japanese forces occupied both sides of it. No one knows how many thousand Chinese rifles covered this area. A Japanese officer galloped up to the shelter of the nearest house and started a soldier with a verbal order across the open zone. Within thirty yards he fell dead. Another soldier, without an instant's hesitation, dashed out with the repeated message, and his body fell at his companion's feet. Instantly, like clock-work, as if the whole Japanese army were available to be slaughtered, the officer sent forward another white-uniformed, brown-visaged messenger. To the relief of all on-lookers he got safely through.

On the night of the 13th, when the foreign attack seemed a failure and retreat inevitable, the Japanese general was consulted as to withdrawing. His reply was that his first movement would be forward. That night the Japanese blew a breach in the wall with dynamite and entered the captured city.

The world's verdict pronounces the Japanese a wonderful soldier. In personal character, in courage, in intelligence, in discipline, in equipment, in minute preparation before a campaign and in generalship in conducting it, he has no superior. Those who have seen him in this Chinese affair will fight with him as an ally if they can, and will hesitate long before they decide to fight against him.

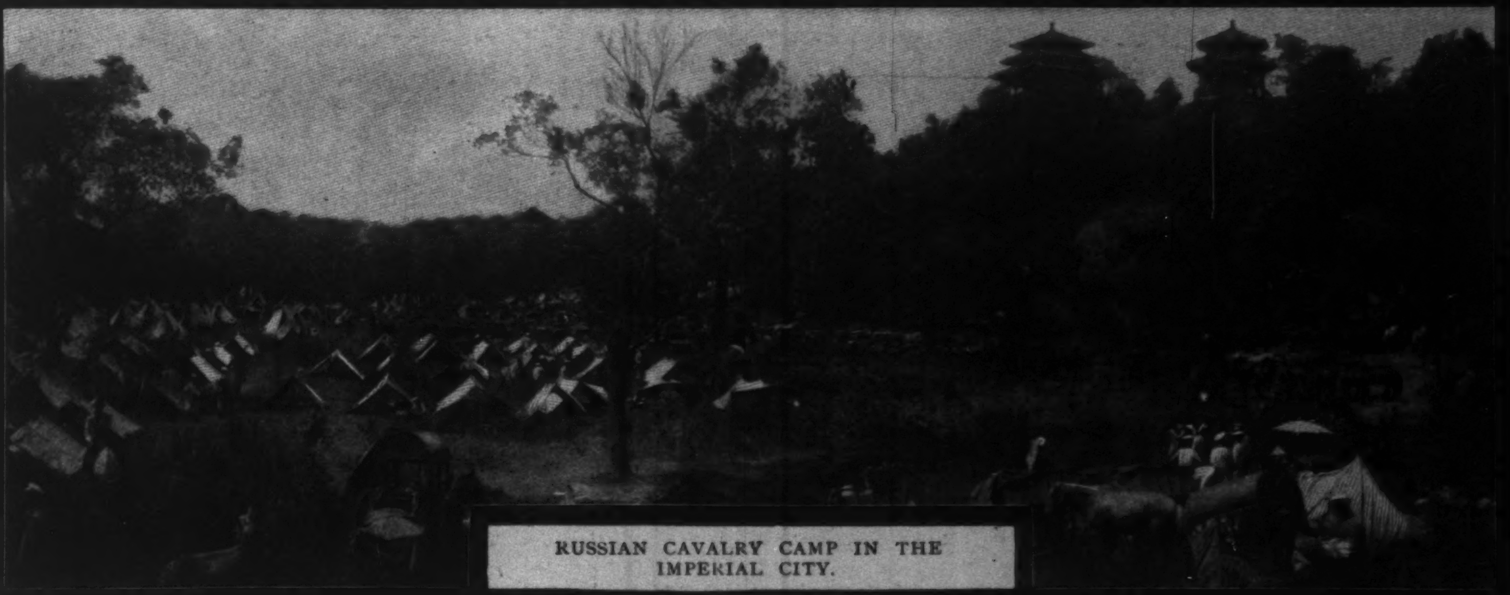


THE IMPERIAL CITY.

GRAVES OF GUARDS, BRITISH LEGATION.

GUNGA DIN ON THE ROAD TO YANGTSUN.

GRAVES OF GUARDS, RUSSIAN LEGATION.



RUSSIAN CAVALRY CAMP IN THE IMPERIAL CITY.

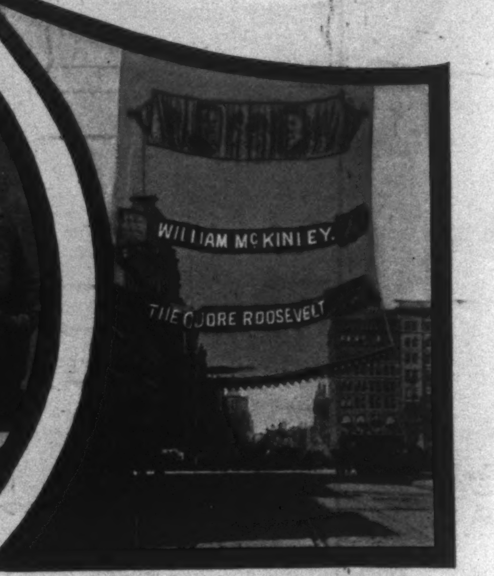
THE OCCUPATION OF PEKING BY THE ALLIED FORCES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY O. K. DAVIS, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

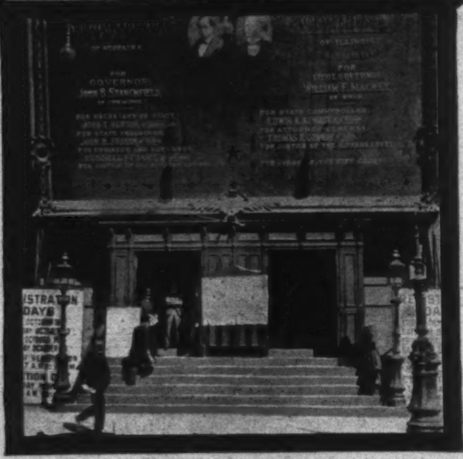
THE MID-DAY DISCUSSION.

DEMOCRATIC CLUBS

ON BROADWAY.


WILLIAM McKINLEY
THEODORE ROOSEVELT

ON FOURTEENTH STREET.



TAMMANY HALL.

THE ITALIAN KNOWS WHAT HE WANTS.

THE CAB-DRIVER HAS HIS OPINIONS.

WATCHING THE CAMPAIGN KITES.

PORT COMMISSION
SOLE AGENTS
BUTTONS
PASSENGER
OFFICE

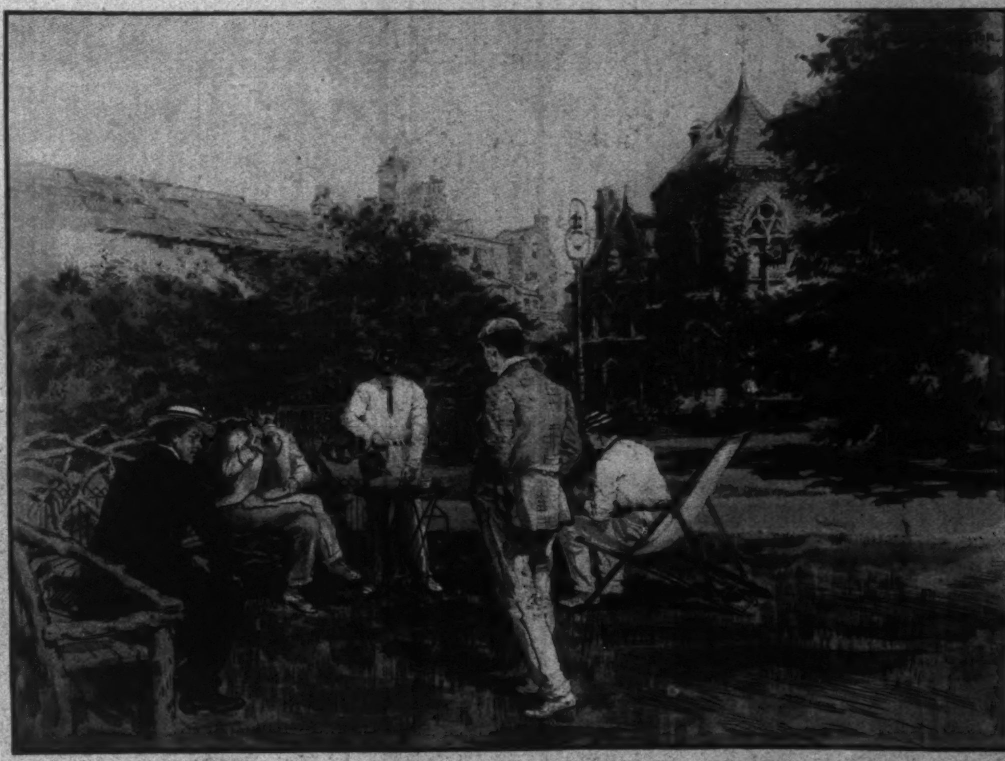
THE BUTTON-MAN DOES A RUSHING BUSINESS.

THE STREETS OF NEW YORK DURING THE CAMPAIGN.

Shall Our Universities Be Divided Into Colleges? By *John Corbin*

THE solution most often proposed for the social problem in our universities is the subdivision of the undergraduate body into small colleges after the manner of Oxford and Cambridge. At Yale and Harvard this solution has been very seriously considered, and it is bound to be of interest to other universities in proportion as the swelling of their numbers makes the old social order inadequate. That it has never been attempted may in some measure be due to the fact that the English college is not readily understood except by those who have actual experience of it; and, indeed, it has often been misconceived in America as at once mediæval and puerile. In spite of its cloisteral walls, however (the spikes and broken bottles on the tops of them have horrified shoals of American travellers), it is very modern in its workings, and is loved by thousands of young fellows and old, whose ideas of what is fit and pleasing are surprisingly like those of our own undergraduates and instructors. That it could, with advantage, be adopted in toto is not probable; but a closer knowledge of what it is and stands for will, I think, suggest the most practical method of bettering our social conditions.

The virtue of the college lies in the fact that it gives every man a suitable home, and provides that he come under the best influences of the university with the least possible effort and delay. When a Freshman arrives at the college the mediæval gate is unbarred by a very modern porter, who lifts boxes and bags from the hansom in the most obliging manner; and he is presently shown to his cloisteral chambers by a friendly and urbane butler or steward. To accommodate the new-comers in the more populous colleges a measure is resorted to that shocks all American ideas of academic propriety. Enough Seniors—fourth and third year men—are turned out of college to make room for the Freshmen. The assumption is that these upper-classmen have had every opportunity to profit by the life of the college, and are prepared to flock by themselves in the town. Little communities of four or five fellows, who have proved congenial, live together in "diggings"—that is, in some townsman's house hard by the college gate. This arrangement makes possible closer and more intimate relationship among them than would otherwise be likely; and, by insuring them against the distractions of life in the college, it gives them a solid year for study before the final examination. It cannot be said that they leave college without regret, but I never heard a word of complaint, and it is tacitly admitted that on the whole they profit by the arrangement.


AFTERNOON TEA AT OXFORD.

When the Freshman has been shown to his room he falls to the care of the "scout"—a dignitary in the employ of the college, who stands in somewhat less than the place of a parent and more than that of a servant to some half a dozen fellows whose rooms are adjacent. The more substantial furnishings in the rooms are usually permanent, belonging to the college; each successive occupant is charged for interest on the investment and for depreciation by wear. Thus the furniture is far more comfortable than in an American college and costs the occupant less. Bed and table linen, cutlery, and a few of the more personal furnishings the student brings himself. If one neglects to bring them, however, as, I confess, I did, through ignorance, mine host the scout clandestinely levies on the man above for sheets, on the man below for knives and forks, and on the man across the way for table-linen. And there is no call for either shame on the one part or resentment on the other, for is not the scout the representative of the hospitality of the college? "When you have time, sir," the scout says kindly, "you will order your own linen and cutlery." How high a state of civilization such an arrangement implies can be appreciated only by those who have turned up friendless in an American university.

As soon as the Freshman is settled in his rooms, and sometimes even before, his tutor meets him and arranges for a formal presentation to the dean and master. All three are apt to show their interest in a Freshman by advising him as to trying for the athletic teams, joining the college clubs and societies, and, in a word, as to all the concerns of undergraduate life except his studies—these come later. If a man has any particular gift, athletic or otherwise, the tutor introduces him to the upper-classman he should know, or when this is not feasible, gives a word to the upper-classmen, who take the matter into their own hands. If a fellow has no especial gift, the tutor is quite as sure to say the proper word to the fellows who have most talent for drawing out new-comers.

In the first weeks of a Freshman's residence he finds sundry pasteboards tucked beneath his door—the upper-classman's call is seldom more than the formal dropping of a card. The Freshman is expected to return these calls at once, and is debarred by a happy custom from leaving his card in return. He goes again and again until he finds his upper-classman. By direct introduction from the tutor or by this formality of calling, the Freshman soon meets half a dozen upper-classmen, generally second-year men, and in due time he receives little notes like this:

> DEAR SMITH,—Come to my rooms to breakfast, if you can, with Mr. Brown and me on Wednesday at 8.30. Yours sincerely, A. ROBINSON.

At table, the Freshman finds other Freshmen, whose interests are presumably similar to his own.

No one supposes for a moment that all this is done out of simple human kindness. The Freshman breakfast is a conventional institution for gathering together the unlicked cubs, so that the influences of the college can take hold of them. The reputation of the college in general demands that it keep up a name for hospitality, and in particular the clubs and athletic teams find it of advantage to get the run of all available new material. As a result of this machinery for initiating new-comers, a man usually ceases to be a Freshman after a single term—two months—of residence, and it is always assumed that he does.

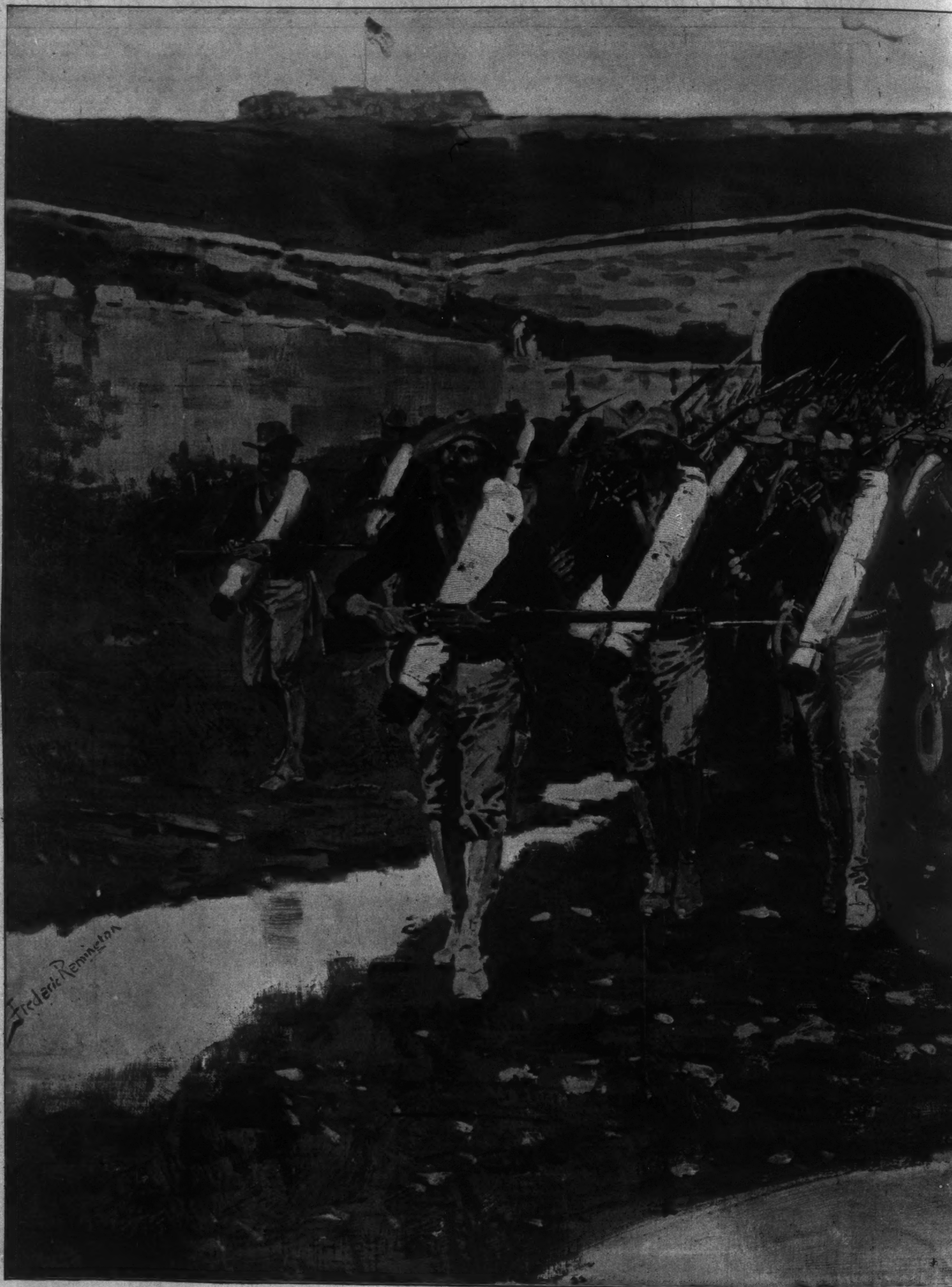
If one's idiosyncrasies do not yield to the kindlier treatment he is liable to be "ragged," or, as we should say, hazed. The more I learned of Oxford motives, the less anxious I was to censure the system of ragging. In an article I wrote, after only a few months' stay, I spoke of it as boyish and undignified, and most Americans, I feel sure, would hold up the hand of public horror. Yet I am not now inclined to be thankful that we are not as they. Ragging is doubtless a survival of the excellently efficient system of discipline in the public schools where the older boys have charge of the manners and morals of the younger, if indeed it is not, like public-school discipline, an inheritance from the Middle Ages. In the schools, to be sure, the Sixth Form take their duties with great sobriety of conscience, which is scarcely the case in the college; but the difference of spirit in the colleges is perhaps justifiable.

I have not come to this trust in the college system without experience. I have also sounded the undergraduates as to whether they would find use for a greater liberty. I found that the fellows were not only content with their lot, but would resent any loosening of the restrictions. To give them the liberty of London at night, or even of Oxford, they argued, would tend to break up the college as a social organization and to weaken it athletically, for at Oxford they understand what we sometimes do not—that a successful cultivation of sports goes hand in hand with universal good comradeship and mutual loyalty.

The only question remaining was of the actual moral results of the semi-cloisteral life. As for drinking, in spite of the fact that wine is sold to the students at any and all times by the college, and in any and all quantities, there seemed to be less excessive indulgence than, for instance, at Harvard or at Yale. And the fact that what there was took place for the most part within the college walls was certainly most fortunate. When fellows are turned loose for their jubilations amid the florid vices of a great city, as is often the case with us, the consequences to their general morality are sometimes the most hideous. The lives of the men in English colleges are clean, incredibly clean. The few men to whom immorality seems inevitable—and such are to be found in all communities—have recourse to London. But as their expeditions take place in daylight and cold blood, and are, except at great risk, cut short when the last evening train leaves Paddington shortly after dinner, it is not possible to carry them off with that dazzling air of the man of the world that in America lures so many silly Freshmen into dissipations for which they have no natural inclination.

It will be seen that the English college affords those peculiar advantages of community life—eating, sleeping, work, and play—that with us are confined to fraternities and clubs, and where these are in their very nature exclusive the college is consciously and effectively inclusive. The very fact of being at Oxford insures one a well-ordered life and ample opportunity for making friends. Society life, as we know it, is obviously superfluous. The social organizations in a college are, for the most part, for the promotion of recognized undergraduate activities—athletics, debating, etc.—and are open to all who are qualified for membership. Each college, to be sure, is likely to have its wine club, membership in which is a purely social distinction; and in the university, as a whole, there are, as in American universities, many exclusive organizations most pleasant and useful to belong to. But their evil effects are annulled by the fact that the life in the colleges is so admirably adapted to supplying all normal social wants. The college is a man's home, while the university is, like the city he lives in, full of interests and activities which it is pleasant but not necessary to form a part of. And here is the point of chief moment. By the very conditions of residence in colleges the members of the exclusive societies come into daily contact, each with the life of the college he belongs to, and the esprit de corps of the college is so strong that they seldom or never cease to be loyal to its interests. No matter how distinguished a 'varsity oarsman may be, he has the keenest interest in the boating reputation of his college, as the annual bumping races testify. And socially it is the same. The news of the university at large is first reported and discussed over afternoon tea at the great university society, Vincent's; by dinner-time it has been brought into the dining-halls of all the great colleges. In an incredibly short time all undergraduate news and the judgments upon it of the men best qualified to judge ramify the college, and men who seldom stir beyond the college walls are brought closely in touch with the innermost spirit of the university life. Here again the compact communities within those college walls—so terrible to Americans—make possible a freedom of interplay of all social forces unknown at Harvard or Yale. The real Union of Oxford, social, athletic, and intellectual, exists quite apart from the so-called Oxford Union; it results from the nice adjustment between the residential life of the colleges and the social life of the university. Thus Oxford and Cambridge combine the intellectual advantages of a large university with the social advantages possible in a small college.

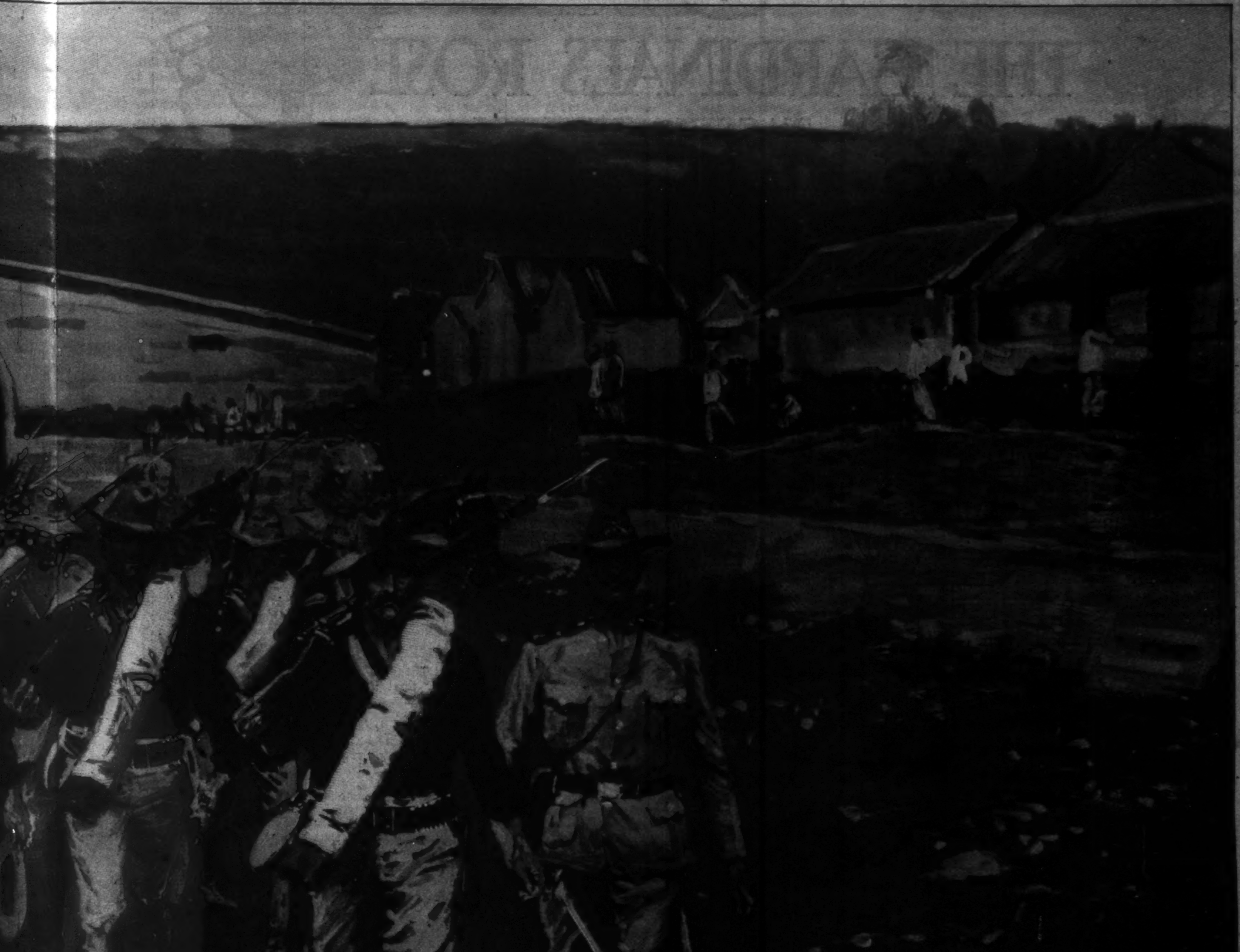
The main objection to introducing the college system in America is the expense of duplicating the score of Oxford colleges. But a sum no larger than that which is to be invested in the so-called Union at Harvard would be ample to found a single college, for the benefit, let us say, of such poor scholars as now form a clique centring about the Foxcraft dining club. So long as they have in common a suitable place for board and lodging, the details of their régime are of minor importance. Such a college would be certain to attain distinction for the scholarship of its members; and the pleasantness of life in it, as compared with the life outside, would in turn tend to make scholarship more reputable than it has been of late. This is precisely what has happened at such colleges as Balliol at Oxford; and as not a few of the poorer scholars are distinguished athletes, the new college might come, like Balliol, to temper its scholastic fame with a dash of athleticism. If the virtue of the college is once established, the founding of other colleges would be a matter of course, and our leading institutions would be as fortunate in their social as in their intellectual life.



The American and British troops got into Peking through a sluice-gate in the Tartar city wall. The stone fort with the American flag on the wall above is the position held by the American marines during the siege of the Legations.

THE 9th U.S. INFANTRY ENTE

DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON FROM



TERING PEKING, AUGUST 15, 1900

OM A PHOTOGRAPH BY OSCAR KING DAVIS

THE CARDINAL'S ROSE

BY van TASSEL SUTPHEN

SYNOPSIS

Nicholas Cary, a young New York newspaper editor, happens to attend an exhibition of the cinematograph. One of the pictures particularly strikes his attention. The scene is the Dover (England) pier, just before the departure of the mail-steamer for France. By an accident to the mechanism the picture stops suddenly, and it is seen that a young man in a fur coat has abstracted by stealth a small object from a despatch-box carried by his elderly companion. This, in turn, he transfers to a third person, who wears his hair *à la* Pompadour. Through internal evidence in the picture, the time and other data of the occurrence are established. The London *Times* publishes an advertisement plainly referring to the lost article. Cary goes to Paris, ostensibly to tell what he knows, but really because he has become more than interested in the third person of the travelling party—a young woman. Arrived in Paris, Cary goes to the private hotel where General Czareska lives, together with his daughter Irma, Mrs. Verriker, her companion, and the Chevalier du Midi, who was the young man in the fur coat. It turns out that the missing object is the great ruby known as the "Cardinal's Rose." Cary is detained by force on suspicion of being concerned in the robbery. He afterwards becomes an ally of the Czareskas, and determines to solve the mystery. He has learned that the rendezvous appointed is "the yellow house," situated in the Rue de Rennes. He visits the "yellow" house by stealth and learns that Captain Coventry and the man with the Pompadour hair are the same person. Cary obtains possession of the jewel. But it turns out to be only an imitation.

CHAPTER XIII

I GO OUT TO SERVICE

IT seemed a long time before any one even moved. The General's face was purple.

"Irma!" he said, thickly; then he fell back in a chair and plucked at his collar.

"*Article de Paris,*" returned mademoiselle, with the utmost serenity; "or, if you prefer, just plain colored glass."

"What!" roared the General. He knelt down on the hearth, examining the glittering fragments one by one, while I wondered if I looked as foolish as I felt.

"She is quite right, Cary," said the General, at last. "Nothing but a clever imitation. And now, what does it all mean?"

Truly the mystery of the "Cardinal's Rose" seemed further than ever from a solution. For whose benefit had Mr. Arthur Coventry played his little farce? Had I been his dupe, then, from the very beginning? No; that could not be, and I read the same answer in mademoiselle's eyes. Unquestionably the false jewel had been prepared to deceive du Midi alone. Mr. Coventry had evidently wanted time in which to pull his chestnuts out of the fire, and it was necessary to keep the young man quiet.

But of all this, not a word to the General. The honor of the Chevalier was to be guarded as a possession even more precious than that of the "Cardinal's Rose" itself. Mademoiselle had taught me my lesson; I must take the blunder upon my own shoulders.

"I have been stupid, General," I said, as easily as I could. "The rascals must have realized that I was after them hot-foot, and they threw this out on the chance of delaying me. However that may be, we have at least established one certainty—the double-dealing of Coventry. The fact that the counterfeit stone was found in his virtual possession is presumptive evidence that he knows where the real one is."

"One moment, Mr. Cary," returned the General, and his voice was full of a hard suspicion. "You forget that I have only your bare word for Mr. Coventry's share in this matter. It was from your hand, and not from his, that I received the false ruby; and in the absence of any other evidence than your own story, am I not justified in concluding that the onus must at least be shared between you?"

Admirable logic this, but somewhat embarrassing. I looked over at mademoiselle.

"It is true that neither has fully succeeded in clearing himself," she said, slowly; "but if we must choose between them, it will be better to give our confidence to Mr. Cary."

"But Coventry already knows—"

"Too much," finished his daughter, calmly. "Finally, we have Mr. Cary's parole, and we know that it means something to him, or he need never have returned at all to the Rue d'Alger. As for Mr. Coventry, his only passport is his friendship with the Chevalier, and there was a Judas among the apostles. Decidedly, we must give Mr. Cary our confidence—if he is willing to accept it."

"But why should we treat with either of them?" demanded the General, impatiently. "Surely, the fewer the better."

"Precisely, but we are now one short of the few. Michael has broken his leg. The stupid got in the way of an automobile this morning, and was taken to a hospital."

"And you propose—"

"That Mr. Cary shall assume Michael's rôle in our little comedy. Have you ever been out at service, Mr. Cary? No! that is unfortunate, since the best of references are required. However, I dare say we shall be able to arrange all that; and now, if you please, give me your entire attention.

"To-morrow morning Vital will bring you a suit of dark clothes suitable to your new condition, and you will allow him to shave off both your beard and your mustache. At ten o'clock you will present yourself in this room ready to assume your duties as a footman in the household of Baron Kerker."

"But, mademoiselle—"

"No objections, Mr. Cary. These are your orders from your superior officer, and your part is to obey—not to question them. Still, you are entitled to some explanations, and M. le Général will be happy to satisfy your reasonable curiosity. Come, monsieur, are you not even acquainted with the elementary duties of your new profession; do you not see that I am waiting for you to open the door?"

As I lie awake in bed, staring up at the ceiling, I go over in my mind the story that the General has just imparted to me. In a few words, then, the Chevalier du Midi is none other than Prince Infelix, the rightful King of Aetolia, and the General is that same Count de Czareska who was prime minister to Basil IX. After the unlucky campaign that ended with the defeat at Sarkis, Soulian intrigue brought about the usurpation of Jehan, and Basil Agricola fled to England, where he died. All this happened twenty years ago, when Infelix was a child in his nurse's arms. General Czareska was appointed legal guardian to the young prince, and the exiles lived quietly near London, waiting—waiting for a chance to strike back at the rebels and traitors who ruled Aetolia from the steps of the Soulian throne.

It was in January of this year that the Prince attained his majority, and, depending upon favorable advices from Aetolia, General Czareska determined that the time had come for a forward step. The first move was to Paris, and the work of reorganizing the revolutionary party began at once.

We are now at the last of June, and the work is well advanced. Arms and supplies have been distributed throughout Aetolia, plans of campaign have been formulated, and at any time the word may be given. To strike as swiftly and as hard as possible is the aim of the Legitimist leaders, and, indeed, the success of the movement depends almost entirely upon its celerity, as may be easily shown.

Nominally, Aetolia is a tributary to Soulia, but under the treaty of Naples it retains its autonomy, and Soulia is only entitled to interfere under circumstances of extraordinary emergency. The usurper Jehan is completely under Soulian influence, and in return he enjoys the open friendship and protection of the Caliph.

Supposing, now, that the revolution in favor of the deposed Agricolas is fairly under way, it is evident that Jehan will look to Soulia for aid. But war costs money, and every money-lender in Europe knows just how much the Caliph's note-of-hand is worth. Everybody knows, again, that the Soulian army pay is six months in arrears, and that there is discontent everywhere. Unless Soulia can succeed in floating a fresh loan, it will be impossible for her to extend any material aid to Jehan.

And so the fate of Aetolia lies in the hands of the money-brokers. If Soulia's support can be rendered nugatory through the refusal of the money-barons to loosen their purse-strings, why, then the revolution has an excellent fighting-chance. But once let Soulia get her loan, and we may as well take off our orange and black cockades and go home, without waiting for the green curtain. With Soulia at his back, Jehan must win.

This explains, then, why the Czareska party are still staying on in Paris. The agents of Soulia are also here, and up to this time they have been thwarted at every turn by our counter-manipulation of the financial sponge. And in the mean time the revolutionary movement is gaining strength; our last advices are to the effect that the fiery torch may be started on its travels within the next ten days. Soulia must get the money within that time, or never.

Now there is but one regularly qualified financial practitioner in all Europe, and that man is, of course, Baron Kerker, head of the banking-house of Kerker & Company, in the Rue de la Banque. But although the Baron is accustomed to being called in to attend upon desperate cases, no one has ever accused him of doing anything for the sick man without the customary *quid pro quo.* He has the money, but he will not lend it to Soulia without proper security, and he will want something better than a third or fourth lien upon the monstrously encumbered revenues of the empire. Unquestionably the Baron will have his pound of flesh duly cut off and delivered at his door before he will advance a franc upon it. But let the pledge be forth-coming, and the pawnbroker will not hesitate. Can Soulia produce the security, and within ten days?

Of course we have provided, so far as possible, for every contingency. We have our agents everywhere, even in the counting-room of Kerker & Company, and we can be sure of knowing everything that happens there. But the Baron is a clever man, and this is not the kind of business that may be openly transacted on the Bourse. Moreover, there is always a side-door to all the establishments that bear the three golden balls as their trade emblem. Fashionable clients do not care to stand in the common stalls, and rub shoulders with the miserable creatures who ask humbly for a few sous upon the family bedstead. People who have diamonds and sables which they wish to store at the *Mont de Piété* are received in the drawing-room, and there is always a glass of wine to celebrate the conclusion of the business. It would be a grave oversight to think that Baron Kerker leaves all business cares behind him when he drives away from the Rue de la Banque every afternoon at four. In his magnificent residence on the Champs Elysées there is a certain room which the Baron jocularly calls his "Petite Bourse," and many a financial lance has been broken within its heavily padded and sound-proof walls. Finally Michael, who has been on guard duty in the Kerker household, is incapacitated, and mademoiselle has ordered me to take his place in wearing the Kerker livery. I dislike the rôle to which I have been assigned; I will protest against it—in the morning.

I am almost ashamed to write it down, but when I did meet mademoiselle in the morning, I was clean-shaven and attired in that beastly suit of undertaker's black that is also the badge of respectable domestic servitude. Somehow mademoiselle's little hands are masterful instruments for the moulding of men's wills to her liking, and I forgot all about my protest. I only knew that I was to serve her, and I was happy in being chosen to do her will.

Mademoiselle was in high spirits when I presented myself for my final instructions. She complimented me upon my get-up, and was good enough to add that I looked stupid enough to deceive anybody, and should make an admirable lackey. If all went well, and I cared to continue in the profession, something would certainly be found for me at the Aetolian court. I might even aspire to becoming major-domo of the palace at Kar.

"One moment, mademoiselle. You gave me to understand, distinctly, that if I went to the 'yellow house' I must not look for any assistance from you. How did it happen, then, that you were on hand at the critical time?"

"The explanation is very simple, Mr. Cary. I had been attending one of Madame St. Just's Sunday evening musicales, and we were on our way home—that is all."

"But the Rue du Vieux Colombier," I persisted, rashly, "is hardly on the direct route between the Boulevard St.-Germain and the Rue d'Alger."

"My way, monsieur, is the one that suits me. Do I make myself understood?"

She swept from the room like a veritable queen, and I stood gazing blankly after her with my air-castles tumbling about my ears. I had been fool enough to think that she had cared, that it had made some difference—I knew better now. I had simply been deceiving myself, and at last my eyes were open. True, they smarted a little, but then some of the dust from my fallen castles may have gotten into them, or else I had been looking too long at the sun. Well, it was only another page turned down, and I must not forget the duty to which I had been assigned, and which I must still perform to the utmost of my ability. I called a cab, and gave the driver the address of Baron Kerker on the Champs Elysées.

CHAPTER XIV

THE "PETITE BOURSE"

IT was on Monday that I entered the household service of Baron Kerker, and to-day is Wednesday. I encountered no difficulty whatever in the preliminary formalities of my engagement; it was evident that mademoiselle had spun her threads in every possible direction. Of course I made blunders at first, and I must learn to keep my eyes down, and to walk without clattering my heels. And yesterday I forgot to warm the *Figaro* before handing it to the Baron, and was called an imbecile in consequence.

In appearance the Baron is short and stout, and he would be vulgar-looking except for certain lines about the mouth and temples. Perhaps they are the rulings of his great ledger metaphysically reproduced, but he will be a shrewd observer who undertakes to read what is written on them. For the rest, he has splendid white teeth, and it follows naturally that his chef is said to be the best in all Paris.

It is an odious reflection that my business in this house is that of a spy, and I shall be glad when my probation is over. Still, I am not reduced to the humiliating necessity of vulgar eavesdropping, and, indeed, ordinary methods would be useless here, for the thick door of the Baron's private den has no keyhole, and no one enters, upon any pretext, when he is receiving clients. And yet we get our regular daily bulletins, as you shall hear.

It is most ingeniously contrived—that arrangement of a phonographic apparatus within the tall clock that stands in the Baron's study, otherwise the

Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 2283.

"Petite Bourse." The clock is wound up every morning, and the duty has been specially assigned to me. It is then the easiest thing in the world to remove the waxen roll upon which the record is made and to substitute a fresh one. And while the Baron is at dinner, every night, I have an opportunity to slip in and start the machine for its evening's work.

Monday night the Baron had a large dinner-party, and he did not even enter the "Petite Bourse." When I took the record to the hotel in the Rue d'Alger the next morning, and it was run through the talking-machine, we heard only the chiming of the hours from the big clock. Tuesday night the Baron had a visitor, and they talked for three hours about—rose-culture.

But to-day is Wednesday, and I have high hopes, for the Baron is dining *à deux*, and his guest is none other than Mr. Arthur Coventry. For two mortal hours I have been standing behind his chair, while he has been enjoying an excellent dinner, and amusing the Baron with a succession of capital stories. Some of them are mine, by-the-way—real American jokes—but Mr. Coventry tells them well, and I should like to laugh at them myself. And now they have retired into the "Petite Bourse," and, after carrying in the cordials and coffee, I return to my post at the bottom of the grand staircase. Perhaps this time we shall hear something.

It was long after midnight when I was ordered to call Mr. Coventry's carriage. He seemed to be in excellent humor, and whistled softly a bar or two of "*Malbrouck s'en va à la guerre,*" as I assisted him with his overcoat. Suddenly he turned and looked me straight in the eyes. I did not flinch, but I could see that the lines about his mouth puckered up oddly, as though he were trying to suppress an amused smile. And then, after staring hard at me for perhaps half a minute, he deliberately took a twenty-franc piece from his waistcoat pocket and held it out. It was a bad moment, but luckily I retained enough presence of mind to take the coin with an appropriate expression of gratitude, and Mr. Coventry, after favoring me with a final grimace, stepped into his carriage and was whirled away. Had he recognized me? It seemed probable; and yet, why should he hold his hand if he were really certain of my identity?

I waited impatiently for the Baron to retire to his own room, and so give me the opportunity of examining the trap. At last he was off, and I was quickly in the "Petite Bourse." It was mortifying to discover that the mechanism had run down, and that the record must consequently be incomplete. Still I could see that the needle had been at work for the greater part of those three hours of consultation, and it should certainly tell us something. By eight o'clock the next morning I found an opportunity to steal away to the Rue d'Alger.

It was aggravating that Mr. Coventry still continued to tell his stories, but for two interminable hours the machine solemnly ground them out, one after another, and never did a really excellent *raconteur* have such an appreciative audience. Mademoiselle walked the floor incessantly, the General swore softly to himself in some outlandish tongue, and I glowered sulkily over a succession of cigars. And then, suddenly:

"Coming now to business, my dear Baron—well, you have asked for security, and quite properly so. But what do you say to this?"

Unfortunately the waxen cylinder is sightless, and we have no means of determining what "this" may be. And the Baron is equally uncommunicative. In reply he simply expresses a willingness to take "this" into consideration. Mr. Coventry argues long and earnestly, but the Baron is exceeding chary of committing himself. Twenty million of francs was what Coventry wanted, but after much haggling he finally agreed to accept fifteen millions.

"On the condition, Mr. Coventry, that I satisfy myself as to the value of the offered security."

"Perfectly so, Baron; but when shall we close the transaction? I must be on my way to Soulia by to-morrow night. I am already booked for the Oriental Express, leaving at eleven o'clock."

"If everything is right, my dear fellow, the money shall go with you."

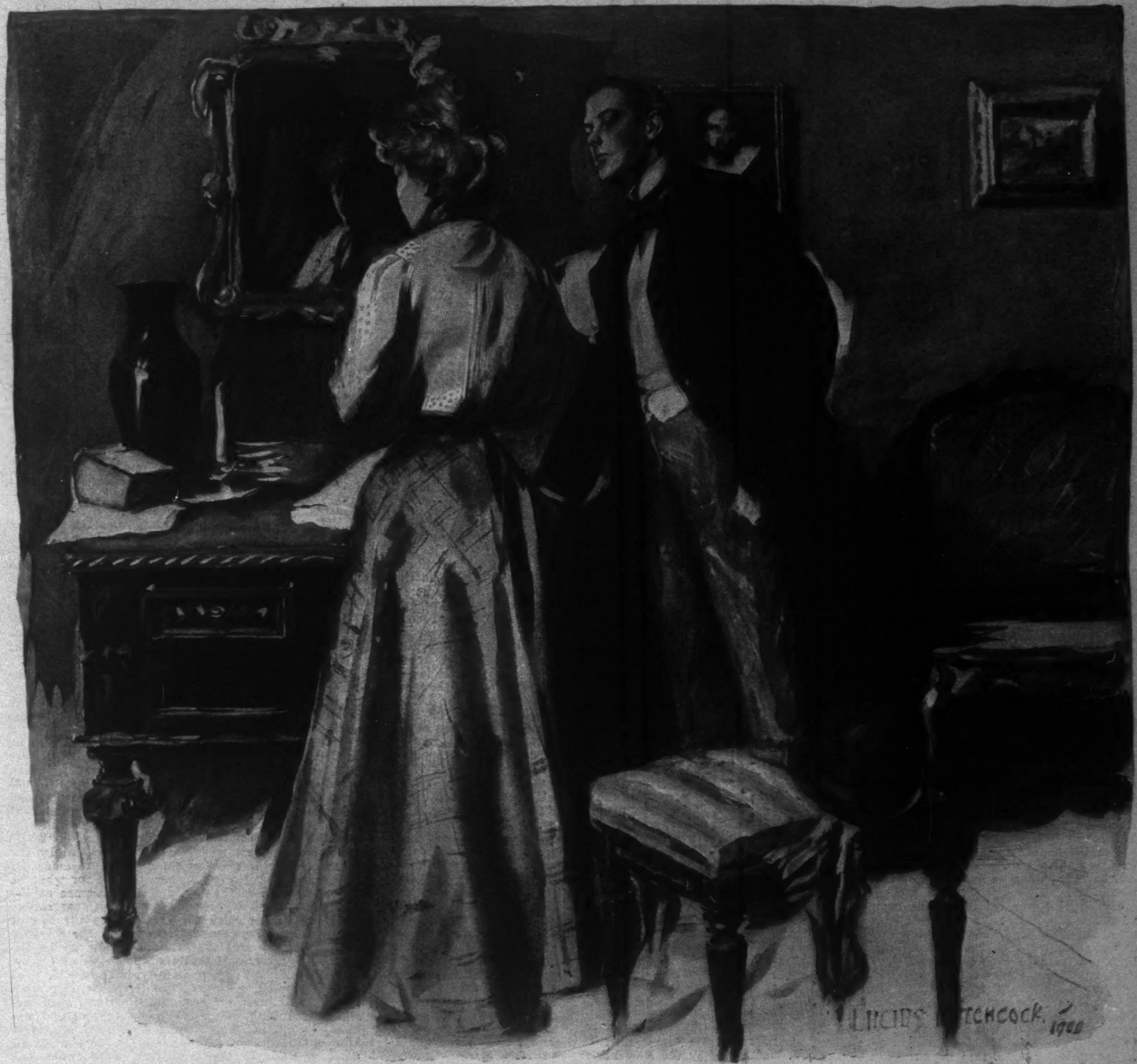
"And I shall see you—where and at what time?"

"Suppose we say"—here the record broke off; the needle had stopped short, and the remainder of the waxen cylinder was blank.

Provoking indeed, but still certain points of importance had been established. In the first place, Mr. Arthur Coventry was incontestably the paid agent of Jehan and of Soulia; secondly, he had apparently succeeded in finding a security that would satisfy Baron Kerker; and lastly, he would, if all went well, leave Paris, with the money in his possession, this very night.

Now we could not hope to interfere successfully with Coventry's movements. He was too old a hand to expose himself to any risk, however remote, and there was also the probability that he had recognized me in my character of the Baron's lackey. If so, he would be doubly on his guard. With the money once in his hands, he could laugh at us, since we were hardly prepared for the desperate extremity of highway-robbery. Our one chance was to prevent the bargain from being consummated—to keep the Baron from delivering the goods. Very good; but how was it to be done?

It might be safely assumed that Coventry would not care to present himself at the banking-house in the Rue de la Banque. But the Baron was accustomed to leave his office at four o'clock, and the



"WITH YOUR PERMISSION, MADEMOISELLE, I WILL REMAIN."

THE CARDINAL'S ROSE

BY van TASSEL SUTPHEN

SYNOPSIS

Nicholas Cary, a young New York newspaper editor, happens to attend an exhibition of the cinematograph. One of the pictures particularly strikes his attention. The scene is the Dover (England) pier, just before the departure of the mail-steamer for France. By an accident to the mechanism the picture stops suddenly, and it is seen that a young man in a fur coat has abstracted by stealth a small object from a despatch-box carried by his elderly companion. This, in turn, he transfers to a third person, who wears his hair *à la* Pompadour. Through internal evidence in the picture, the time and other data of the occurrence are established. The London *Times* publishes an advertisement plainly referring to the lost article. Cary goes to Paris, ostensibly to tell what he knows, but really because he has become more than interested in the third person of the travelling party—a young woman. Arrived in Paris, Cary goes to the private hotel where General Czareska lives, together with his daughter Irma, Mrs. Verriker, her companion, and the Chevalier du Midi, who was the young man in the fur coat. It turns out that the missing object is the great ruby known as the "Cardinal's Rose." Cary is detained by force on suspicion of being concerned in the robbery. He afterwards becomes an ally of the Czareskas, and determines to solve the mystery. He has learned that the rendezvous appointed is "the yellow house," situated in the Rue de Rennes. He visits the "yellow" house by stealth and learns that Captain Coventry and the man with the Pompadour hair are the same person. Cary obtains possession of the jewel. But it turns out to be only an imitation.

CHAPTER XIII

I GO OUT TO SERVICE

IT seemed a long time before any one even moved. The General's face was purple.

"Irma!" he said, thickly; then he fell back in a chair and plucked at his collar.

"*Article de Paris,*" returned mademoiselle, with the utmost serenity; "or, if you prefer, just plain colored glass."

"What!" roared the General. He knelt down on the hearth, examining the glittering fragments one by one, while I wondered if I looked as foolish as I felt.

"She is quite right, Cary," said the General, at last. "Nothing but a clever imitation. And now, what does it all mean?"

Truly the mystery of the "Cardinal's Rose" seemed further than ever from a solution. For whose benefit had Mr. Arthur Coventry played his little farce? Had I been his dupe, then, from the very beginning? No; that could not be, and I read the same answer in mademoiselle's eyes. Unquestionably the false jewel had been prepared to deceive du Midi alone. Mr. Coventry had evidently wanted time in which to pull his chestnuts out of the fire, and it was necessary to keep the young man quiet.

But of all this, not a word to the General. The honor of the Chevalier was to be guarded as a possession even more precious than that of the "Cardinal's Rose" itself. Mademoiselle had taught me my lesson; I must take the blunder upon my own shoulders.

"I have been stupid, General," I said, as easily as I could. "The rascals must have realized that I was after them hot-foot, and they threw this out on the chance of delaying me. However that may be, we have at least established one certainty—the double-dealing of Coventry. The fact that the counterfeit stone was found in his virtual possession is presumptive evidence that he knows where the real one is."

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"It is true that neither has fully succeeded in clearing himself," she said, slowly; "but if we must choose between them, it will be better to give our confidence to Mr. Cary."

"But Coventry already knows—"

"Too much," finished his daughter, calmly. "Finally, we have Mr. Cary's parole, and we know that it means something to him, or he need never have returned at all to the Rue d'Alger. As for Mr. Coventry, his only passport is his friendship with the Chevalier, and there was a Judas among the apostles. Decidedly, we must give Mr. Cary our confidence—if he is willing to accept it."

"But why should we treat with either of them?" demanded the General, impatiently. "Surely, the fewer the better."

"Precisely, but we are now one short of the few. Michael has broken his leg. The stupid got in the way of an automobile this morning, and was taken to a hospital."

"And you propose—"

"That Mr. Cary shall assume Michael's rôle in our little comedy. Have you ever been out at service, Mr. Cary? No! that is unfortunate, since the best of references are required. However, I dare say we shall be able to arrange all that; and now, if you please, give me your entire attention.

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CHAPTER XIV

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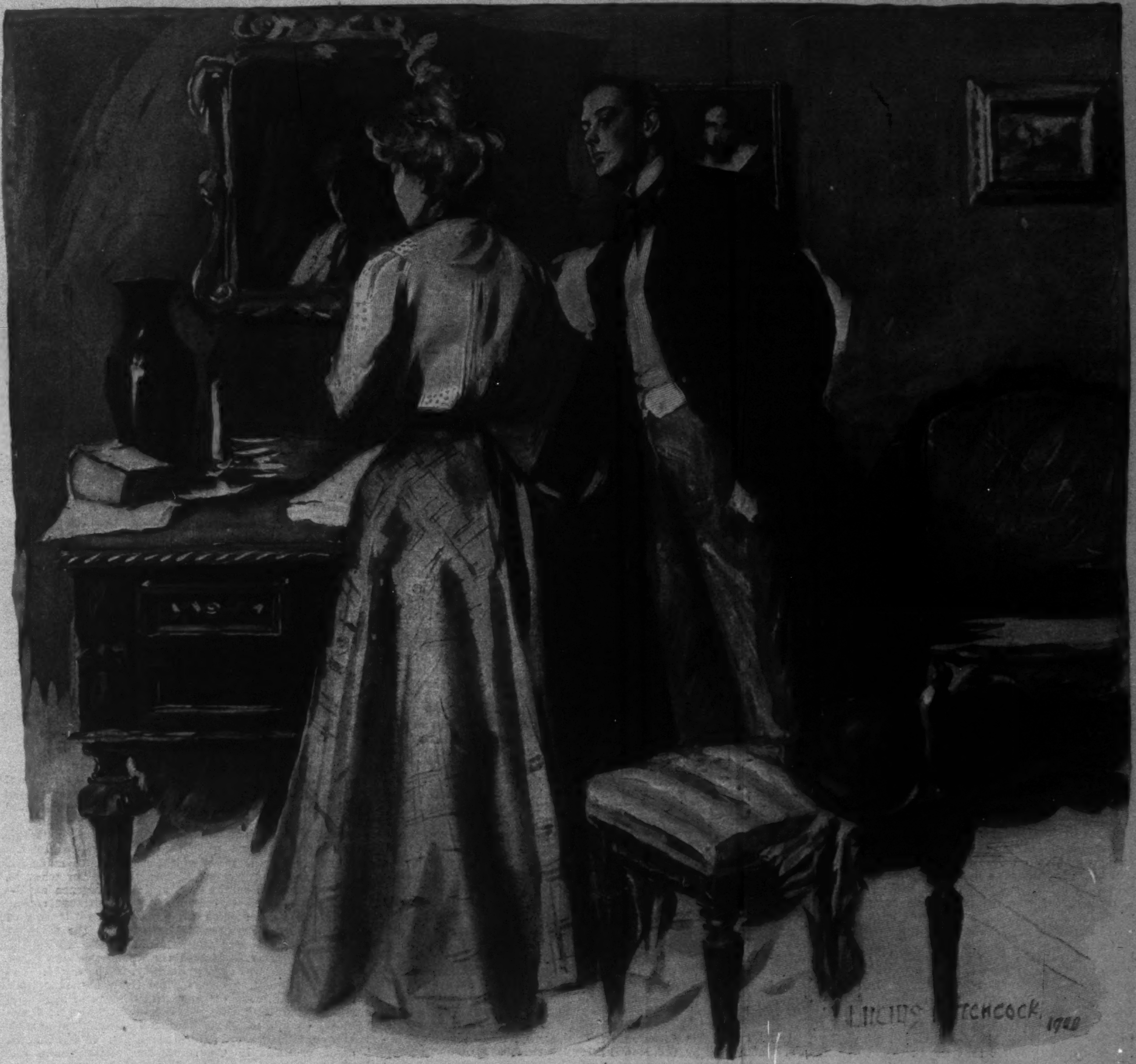
Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2283.

"Petite Bourse." The clock is wound up every morning, and the duty has been specially assigned to me. It is then the easiest thing in the world to remove the waxen roll upon which the record is made and to substitute a fresh one. And while the Baron is at dinner, every night, I have an opportunity to slip in and start the machine for its evening's work.

Monday night the Baron had a large dinner-party, and he did not even enter the "Petite Bourse." When I took the record to the hotel in the Rue d'Alger the next morning, and it was run through the talking-machine, we heard only the chiming of the hours from the big clock. Tuesday night the Baron had a visitor, and they talked for three hours about—rose-culture.



"WITH YOUR PERMISSION, MADEMOISELLE, I WILL REMAIN."

But to-day is Wednesday, and I have high hopes, for the Baron is dining *à deux*, and his guest is none other than Mr. Arthur Coventry. For two mortal hours I have been standing behind his chair, while he has been enjoying an excellent dinner, and amusing the Baron with a succession of capital stories. Some of them are mine, by-the-way—real American jokes—but Mr. Coventry tells them well, and I should like to laugh at them myself. And now they have retired into the "Petite Bourse," and, after carrying in the cordials and coffee, I return to my post at the bottom of the grand staircase. Perhaps this time we shall hear something.

It was long after midnight when I was ordered to call Mr. Coventry's carriage. He seemed to be in excellent humor, and whistled softly a bar or two of "*Malbrouck s'en va à la guerre*," as I assisted him with his overcoat. Suddenly he turned and looked me straight in the eyes. I did not flinch, but I could see that the lines about his mouth puckered up oddly, as though he were trying to suppress an amused smile. And then, after staring hard at me for perhaps half a minute, he deliberately took a twenty-franc piece from his waistcoat pocket and held it out. It was a bad moment, but luckily I retained enough presence of mind to take the coin with an appropriate expression of gratitude, and Mr. Coventry, after favoring me with a final grimace, stepped into his carriage and was whirled away. Had he recognized me? It seemed probable; and yet, why should he hold his hand if he were really certain of my identity?

I waited impatiently for the Baron to retire to his own room, and so give me the opportunity of examining the trap. At last he was off, and I was quickly in the "Petite Bourse." It was mortifying to discover that the mechanism had run down, and that the record must consequently be incomplete. Still I could see that the needle had been at work for the greater part of those three hours of consultation, and it should certainly tell us something. By eight o'clock the next morning I found an opportunity to steal away to the Rue d'Alger.

It was aggravating that Mr. Coventry still continued to tell his stories, but for two interminable hours the machine solemnly ground them out, one after another, and never did a really excellent *raconteur* have such an appreciative audience. Mademoiselle walked the floor incessantly, the General swore softly to himself in some outlandish tongue, and I glowered sulkily over a succession of cigars. And then, suddenly:

"Coming now to business, my dear Baron—well, you have asked for security, and quite properly so. But what do you say to this?"

Unfortunately the waxen cylinder is sightless, and we have no means of determining what "this" may be. And the Baron is equally uncommunicative. In reply he simply expresses a willingness to take "this" into consideration. Mr. Coventry argues long and earnestly, but the Baron is exceeding chary of committing himself. Twenty million of francs was what Coventry wanted, but after much haggling he finally agreed to accept fifteen millions.

"On the condition, Mr. Coventry, that I satisfy myself as to the value of the offered security."

"Perfectly so, Baron; but when shall we close the transaction? I must be on my way to Soulia by to-morrow night. I am already booked for the Oriental Express, leaving at eleven o'clock."

"If everything is right, my dear fellow, the money shall go with you."

"And I shall see you—where and at what time?"

"Suppose we say"—here the record broke off; the needle had stopped short, and the remainder of the waxen cylinder was blank.

Provoking indeed, but still certain points of importance had been established. In the first place, Mr. Arthur Coventry was incontestably the paid agent of Jehan and of Soulia; secondly, he had apparently succeeded in finding a security that would satisfy Baron Kerker; and lastly, he would, if all went well, leave Paris, with the money in his possession, this very night.

Now we could not hope to interfere successfully with Coventry's movements. He was too old a hand to expose himself to any risk, however remote, and there was also the probability that he had recognized me in my character of the Baron's lackey. If so, he would be doubly on his guard. With the money once in his hands, he could laugh at us, since we were hardly prepared for the desperate extremity of highway-robbery. Our one chance was to prevent the bargain from being consummated—to keep the Baron from delivering the goods. Very good; but how was it to be done?

It might be safely assumed that Coventry would not care to present himself at the banking-house in the Rue de la Banque. But the Baron was accustomed to leave his office at four o'clock, and the

Oriental Express was scheduled to depart from the Gare de l'Est at eleven. It was between those hours, then, that our affair might be expected to come off, and the closest watch would have to be kept on the Baron's every movement. But of what avail to discover his plan of action unless we were prepared to thwart it.

“There is but one way,” said mademoiselle, and then she leaned forward and finished the sentence in a whisper that could not have reached the curious ears of the most inquisitive of walls.

It was magnificent, the clearness with which mademoiselle proceeded to outline the scheme of action. In half an hour every point in the strategy had been rehearsed, and each individual piece had been assigned to his or her position on the chess-board. The General hastened away, for there was much for him to do, and it was already half after ten o'clock. I lingered for a moment upon the pretext of writing a note—that long-deferred apology to Murchison. But, as usual, I did not get along very far. Mademoiselle had been standing at a window, but now she came over and sat down opposite me at the big table. Her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes shone.

“We shall win! we shall win!” she repeated over and over again. “But, win or lose, they are worth the living, these glorious days and hours. Is it not so, my friend?”

“For you, mademoiselle—yes;” and here my voice stuck in my throat.

“And why not for you also?” she asked, gravely. “Do you fear that we should prove ungrateful?”

“How could I think so, mademoiselle, when the only reward I desire is the assurance of your happiness.”

“My happiness! Ah, yes, my happiness.”

She rested her cheek in the hollow of her hand, and neither of us moved nor spoke for some little time. And then she began again, speaking very softly:

“Shall I make my confession, then? Perhaps, having heard it, you may judge me still more harshly than now, but there is just a chance that you may understand, and so I beg of you to listen:

“We had been betrothed in infancy, you know—Infelix and I. It had been his father's wish, and we Czareskas withhold nothing from the kings we love. He had asked me to name the wedding-day, and I did—it should be the same upon which Prince Infelix should ride through the Dragon Gate of Kar, with an orange cockade in his bonnet.

“You remember the incidents connected with the disappearance of the ‘Cardinal's Rose.’ It was not difficult for me to believe the story that you told, for I had seen enough with my own eyes to be almost sure of what had happened. It was just as I turned that I saw the Chevalier's hand moving stealthily in the direction of the half-opened despatch-box. For an instant my heart seemed to stop; then it awoke to exulting life. Infelix had again proved himself unworthy; the sacrifice would not be required of me, and for the first time in months I drew a long, deep breath—I was free. And then in another flash came back the remembrance of the cause for which I had been willing to sacrifice everything; I must not be too sure that the offering had been rejected. Even granting that Infelix had possessed himself surreptitiously of the ruby, it must still be remembered that it was his property, and that he was of an age to claim his own.

“Let me make my confession full and complete, Mr. Cary. When you first came to the Rue d'Alger, it was a reasonable supposition that you knew more about the disappearance of the ‘Cardinal's Rose’ than you were willing to avow. It was I, then, who suggested to my father, before you were shown up stairs, that you must be detained at all hazards. And again, when I offered you your liberty at the Russian ambassador's ball, it was but to try you. Had you accepted the offer, you might have driven away in Mr. Benton's carriage, but you would never have reached his house. My agents had been given their instructions, and I would have sacrificed you with as little mercy as I had shown to myself. Now you know all, and again I beg of you to choose the part of wisdom and leave Paris to-night.”

“But, mademoiselle, suppose that I still refuse to obey.”

Quick as her eyes fell, I had caught a sudden light in them that made my heart leap.

“You forget,” I continued, lightly, “that I am still in Baron Kerker's service, and so good a master is entitled to his customary warning. And, besides, I have been give a rôle to play in your little melodrama, and it is not fair to take it away from me until I have had the chance to try the part. And so, with your permission, mademoiselle, I will remain.”

“To the end?” she said, in a very soft manner, for now we had risen and were standing close together.

“To the end,” I answered, solemnly. And then we went our separate ways.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE PROGRESS of the CAMPAIGN

IT might be said that the campaign is now in the fever stage. All traces of apathy which caused so much anxiety on both sides a few weeks ago have disappeared, and in its place have come the most unmistakable signs of a deep and far-reaching interest in the struggle for supremacy between McKinley and Bryan. The first indication that the people of the country were genuinely interested in the campaign was given by the registration in New York State on Friday and Saturday, October 12 and 13. Never before was there such a turning out of citizens since the present excellent, but rather cumbersome, system of enrolling was inaugurated. Men to whom time has a high money value stood patiently in line, sometimes for an hour, awaiting the chance to be enrolled among the voters. The figures in New York city were startling, and they puzzled practical politicians on both sides. The tremendous enrolment was totally unexpected, and it has been worrying the Democratic, as well as the Republican leaders, ever since the figures were made public. That the enrolment of 1896 would be equalled was not expected by the most sanguine of the practical politicians. That the figures of 1896 would be exceeded was beyond the wildest dream of the most enthusiastic supporter of either of the candidates. The registration in the cities and towns outside of the metropolitan district was also extremely large, the figures of 1896 being exceeded everywhere from 25 to 50 per cent. Of course both sides have set up claims to victory, in New York State particularly, using the registration figures as a basis. But no man can tell with any degree of certainty just what the heavy registration means. All any one can be sure of is that the increase indicates that the so-called independent voters are going to turn out in large numbers on November 6. If the betting odds can be relied upon as indicators of the trend of sentiment, Mr. McKinley's chances are growing brighter every day. Never before in this campaign have the men who use dollars for argument been so sure of his election. The odds, which in the early days of the struggle were 2½ to 1 on the Republican candidate, have now reached 4 to 1 in the New York Stock Exchange. There is even talk of 5 to 1, but it does not get very far beyond the vocal stage. But the offers of 4 to 1 seem to be genuine, and the amount of money which is at hand to be placed upon Mr. McKinley is very large. One man came all the way from Missouri to New York with $100,000 in cash which he wished to bet against $30,000 that Bryan would be defeated.

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THE prophets are growing more numerous every day. Some of their predictions are wild enough to justify the scorn with which prophets are usually treated in the home country. The Republican seers are predicting now that McKinley will have at least 300 votes in the Electoral College, seventy-six more than is necessary for choice. The Bryan prophets are more modest in their predictions. Still, there is not one of them who is not absolutely certain that the Democratic ticket will be successful on election day. The truth of the matter is that the outcome of the struggle still depends upon the results in the Middle West. Indiana and Ohio are still the real battle-grounds. There is also a vigorous contest for New York and Illinois, but the indications are that these States will go to McKinley by majorities somewhat smaller than they gave him in 1896. The Republicans are talking confidently of carrying Colorado, but this seems to be preposterous in view of the fact that that State gave Mr. Bryan 134,000 majority in 1896. Maryland and Kentucky may still be regarded as doubtful States, and both parties are straining to carry them. Apparently there is no reason whatever to believe that Michigan will depart from its time-honored custom of giving its electoral vote to the Republican candidate for President.

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MR. BRYAN is still making speeches at the rate of twenty or more a day throughout the country. His trip through Michigan and Ohio aroused enthusiasm among his followers, and he was greeted by an enormous crowd at almost every point on his journey. Probably the greatest demonstration in his honor in this campaign, or in the campaign of 1896, was that arranged for him by Richard Croker, the Tammany chief, in New York city on October 16. The amount of money spent on the demonstration cannot be estimated with any degree of accuracy. Probably no person concerned in the affair, with the single exception of Mr. Croker, will ever know what it cost or the sources from which the money was derived. It is safe to say, however, that the sum was greater than any other similar expenditure in any city in the United States. Mr. Croker is not only the leader of Tammany Hall, but he is now the undisputed boss of the Democratic party in New York State. Mr. Bryan's visit here was significant because it was a recognition of Mr. Croker as the head of the New York State Democracy. There can be no doubt now that if Mr. Bryan is successful the Federal patronage of the Empire State will be turned over to the Tammany chief, and it is not unlikely that one or two places in the Cabinet will be at his disposal. There is much more behind the statement that Mr. Croker himself is ambitious for a Cabinet office than is generally believed. For a long time he has been imbued with the desire for what he calls “vindication.” The overthrow of his organization in the fall of 1894 by the allied forces of the Independents and the Republicans was a sore trial to Mr. Croker. Now that he holds sway over the city and State, and ex-Senator Hill has been humiliated in the dust, there is no reason why he should not seek vindication at the hands of Mr. Bryan if he is elected President of the United States. Crokerism is fast becoming an issue of the first magnitude in the campaign. Democrats in the most remote parts of the Union are aroused to the obvious danger of it, and there is no doubt that the prominence given to Mr. Croker by the New York reception to Mr. Bryan will have a sharp effect upon the latter end of the campaign. The reception was carried out with smoothness and precision. There were no hitches, and the orders of Mr. Croker were obeyed to the letter. Mr. Bryan was received with tumultuous enthusiasm and, unlike his visit to the “enemy's country” in 1896, the vast audience in Madison Square Garden remained seated until he had finished his speech. He said nothing new, and put forth no issue which hadn't been presented many times before on his trip through the country. He did not discuss the silver question. Recently Mr. Bryan has touched a very low level in his speeches. The fall from the statesmanlike tone of his earlier efforts is marked. He has turned his attention almost entirely to setting class against class, to arousing the poor against the rich. Imperialism has been practically side-tracked, and his speeches are made up principally of demagogic attacks on “Trusts.” He still refuses to answer the questions which have been put to him by his opponents concerning his method of dealing with the national finances in the event of his election. The chief question asked of him is, “Will you, if elected, pay the national obligations in gold or silver?” Some of the others which he has refused to answer are: “Will you, if elected, make use of the United States army forcibly to establish a stable government for Aguinaldo?” “Are you in favor of re-enacting the Wilson tariff law or one similar thereto?” “Are you in favor of disfranchising the colored citizens of the South?” “Do you approve of the action of the Democrats in defeating the Anti-Trust amendment last June?”

On October 17 Mr. Bryan started for a tour of New York State. He was scheduled to visit the principal cities and towns, and the Democrats hope that his journey will result in cutting down the assured majority which the Republican ticket will have above the Bronx.

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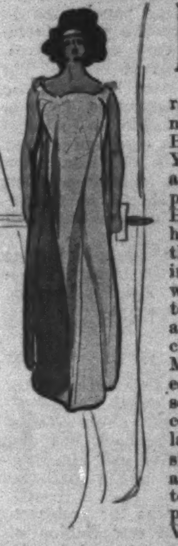
THE loneliest figure in all the campaign is Adlai E. Stevenson, the Democratic candidate for Vice-President. It seems that none is so obscure in the political world as to do him honor. His recent trip through New Jersey passed almost unnoticed by the metropolitan newspapers, and small crowds greeted him when he stopped to speak. What he said was not reported outside of the towns that heard him. His greeting in New York, when he came to take part in the Bryan demonstration was extremely cold, and no one of importance at the Hoffman House headquarters showed him the distinguished consideration to which he was entitled by virtue of his place on the national ticket. He was present at the luxurious feast spread for Bryan, the apostle of the plain people—pronounced by William Sulzer “peepul”—but that was all. He spoke at the Madison Square Garden meeting, but half of the audience left when he was introduced by the chairman, and the noise of their departure made his words inaudible. No one seemed to care for what he said or what he might say, and his presence at the meeting added no significance to the demonstration. Bryan and Croker were the names upon the lips of every one, and Bryan and Croker were the stars of the evening. It was the triumph of Bryan in the “enemy's country.” It was the apotheosis of Croker in the most corrupt city, politically, in the world. The ranks of his willing slaves filled the seats, row after row, and their lungs of brass and throats of steel furnished the rolling, long-drawn-out cheers and approving shouts which greeted the national standard-bearer of Democracy. Outside in the cold wind, in Tammany Hall, in Cooper Union, more ranks did homage to Bryan. Is it to be wondered at then that Bryan bowed down to Croker when he reached the end of his speech-making route? At Cooper Union he said, “Great is Tammany Hall, and Croker is its prophet.” That was a tribute worth all the pains and loot expended on the demonstration.

In the dazzling light of that celebration another lonely figure stood out against the sky. It was the form of the Hon. David Bennett Hill, ex-Governor, ex-United States Senator, and once the absolute dictator of the Democratic party of New York State. Where was he? He was speaking to a small, cold audience in a far-away State who jeered at him when he put his hand on his heart and declared, “I am a Democrat.” No doubt there were those in the crowd who greeted Bryan that remembered the day when the Democratic party was something higher and nobler than the tail to a Populistic kite, when demagogues and self-styled tribunes of the people were treated with the contempt and scorn due them. No doubt some of them wondered if Mr. Bryan's conscience troubled him at the assistance he was lending to his good friend Croker in his plan to drive Senator Hill out of political life.

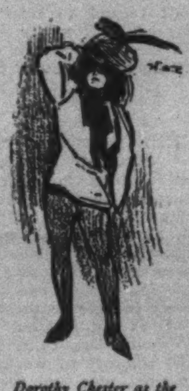
THE DRAMA

BY LAWRENCE REAMER



Florence Kahn as the Chorus

RICHARD MANSFIELD'S splendidly pictorial revival of "Henry V." has accomplished one result that would have made it memorable had there been nothing more noteworthy about the performance. He has succeeded in interesting New York theatre-goers in Shakspere to a degree unprecedented in the experience of any recent actor but Sir Henry Irving. Others before him have turned in discouragement from this attempt, and Mr. Mansfield has in the past met with experiences which might have proved a warning to a less determined actor. "Richard the Second" and "The Merchant of Venice" are episodes in Mr. Mansfield's career that attracted very little attention in New York so far as the general public was concerned. He has of course gained largely in vogue and popularity since the time of those experiments, and he needed both these advantages to make an impression on the great public with such a play as "Henry V.," which for the actor's purposes possesses only its comparative unfamiliarity and its opportunities for pageantry. Mr. Mansfield availed himself of the latter in the fullest measure, and has the satisfaction of seeing New York interested enough in a Shakespere play to crowd the Garden Theatre. Helene Modjeska, Beerbohm Tree, Augustin Daly, with a poetic and beautiful performance of such a rarely seen work as "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," and Julia Marlowe all failed where Mr. Mansfield has triumphantly succeeded. Only the few performances of "Romeo and Juliet" given by Maude Adams and her associates at the Empire Theatre a few years ago and Sir Henry Irving's productions have attained in New York the favor that has been so liberally shown to "Henry V." Yet every one of these other actors came forward in a more interesting play, and in every case their personal talents were more advantageously displayed. Mr. Mansfield's previous Shaksperean rôles were much more creditable in their revelation of his powers. So it seems that to the visual beauty of its martial scenes, the pomp with which every incident of this slowly moving drama is revealed, and the present vogue of the actor must be attributed the popularity of the performance. It is something to awaken an interest in Shakspere's plays nowadays, by whatever means it is done, and Mr. Mansfield has the credit of it to the fullest extent.



Dorothy Chester as the Boy.

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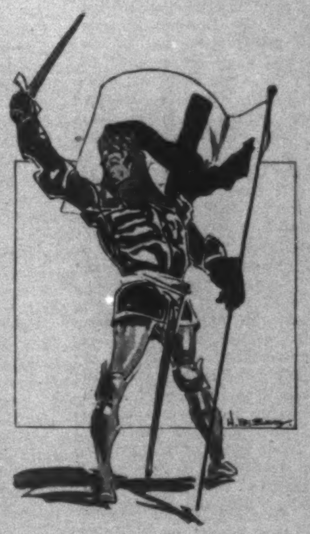
MR. MANSFIELD won less praise as an actor than as a stage-manager, although his success in a rôle which would at first seem totally unsuited to his style exceeded expectations. His appearance, much as that can be suited to the rôle he plays by the skilled actor, his demeanor, his lack of plasticity and freedom, his intellectual and rather sinister mood in every rôle—all these familiar features of his acting seemed beforehand to determine the dramatic inefficiency of this performance. Yet he overcame them to a degree that made his personal success in the outcome of his elaborate experiment much greater than could have been reasonably predicted. His delivery of verse is not yet flowing and musical enough for such a character as *Henry V.* which is nearly all rhetorical, but it can be made majestic and, as in the soliloquy before the battle of Agincourt, full of the deepest and most natural feeling. It is at this point that his own performance reaches its highest level. In the scenes with his comrades, and in the courting of the French princess, the actor displays the necessary humor, good-nature, and delicacy. It is in his lack of impetuosity and freedom of movement, his failure to suggest the merely physical characteristics of the militant young king, that the portrayal is least satisfactory. His fifty-two associates in the performance are all capable, and that is sufficient evidence of the actor's artistic control of them, and puts the representation measurably ahead of the last Shaksperean performance that preceded it at the same theatre.



Richard Mansfield as King Henry V.

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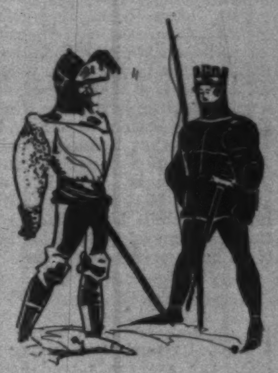
THE play possesses so little dramatic movement that its most engrossing moments in the present production come during a scene in which not a word is spoken. The procession of the victorious king to Westminster is represented with wonderfully truthful detail and effect. Then the enthusiastic populace awaiting the returning monarch, the soldiery parading in his honor, the dancing-girls and musicians, the choristers and warriors, are all combined to produce in masterly fashion a scene of jubilant life that represents the last achievement in stage spectacle. The same might almost be said of every succeeding view which presents some new delight to the eye, and if mere pageantry could accomplish it, they would rob some of the earlier scenes of their tediousness. As it is, no episode in "Henry V." delights its audiences so much as this triumphant entry of London.



Mr. Andrews as Fluellen, and the King.

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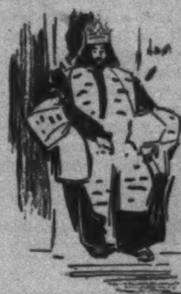
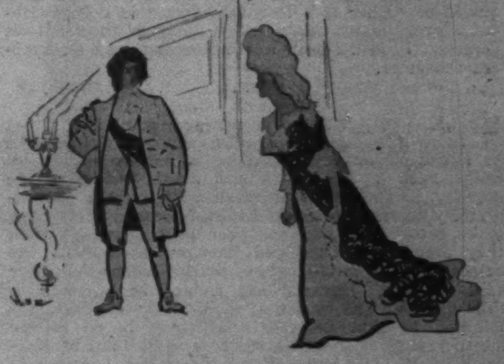
"MARCELLE," designed to put forward conspicuously Blanche Walsh, has failed to accomplish that purpose. Seemingly it has not met any other requirement successfully, and disappeared from the Broadway Theatre, leaving only its memory as a compendium of traditional theatrical expedient unprecedented in its completeness. Eugene Presbrey, who wrote the play, has evidently an abiding faith in the melodramatic standards of the early seventies, and would revive the formulas that Adolphe d'Ennery and his contemporaries used with such effect, and necessarily with so much greater skill. In dramas belonging to the school represented best by "The Two Orphans," the authors led to their results by complicating the relations between their characters until every move on their chess-board resulted in some climax of more or less interest according to the skill they showed. It was always a condition precedent to success that the figures in the untangling skein should be moved by understandable motives and bear toward one another relations not too obviously devised for the playwright's purposes. Masters of this old-fashioned school succeeded in their time because they bore this necessary rule in mind and were able to obey it. Doubtless Mr. Presbrey knows this as well as any of the predecessors he would follow, and thought that his drama preserved the clearness and probability requisite to make its dramatic incidents valuable. But creditable as his play was in many details, cause and effect seemed nearly always too remote, and the strain after exciting climax was constantly too strenuous for the author to make the why and wherefore of the action as comprehensible as it should be. Because he has utilized the most familiar types of melodrama, posed suffering innocence and uncompromising villany one against the other in the time-worn way, and put about them the most conventional impedimenta of melodrama, there is no ground for quarrel with him, although a little less of the traditionally theatrical manner in their treatment would have been to the advantage of the play. Used with the skill of his prototypes, Mr. Presbrey's material might have been made into an interesting play of its kind, although that kind could never have been anything but the least pretentious and ambitious type of machine-made melodramas. It is doubtful if any degree of effectiveness would have made "Marcelle" entirely suited to the taste of the play-goers who are to be found in New York theatres of the highest class. They are not adverse to melodrama, but it must be of a somewhat palliated, mitigated kind, depending less on the stage-carpenter and the electrician, and more on the probability, romance, and freshness of its episodes. Blanche Walsh, who used to be an actress of somewhat greater qualities than physical force or comeliness, relied chiefly on these in "Marcelle." Possibly nothing else is better adapted to the acting of such a play, if old-fashioned melodrama is to be played in the old-fashioned way. But there are more modern methods that can impart a new quality even to the most obsolescent style of play. Miss Walsh has selected the old way, however, and the most exaggerated fashion of acting has in every scene taken the place of the self-contained, intelligent, and tasteful style that led to the hope her natural talents might one day be highly developed and made creditable to the American stage. Nowadays every former merit in her acting seems to have been misdirected, and the loss of none of these will be more regretted than her former way of distinct and careful speech.



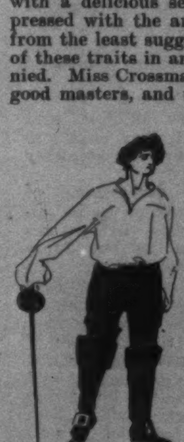
The King of France.

* * *

IF this play of life in Canada during the eighteenth century served to put Miss Walsh into eclipse rather than reveal her talents emphatically, another drama of a somewhat earlier day enabled an actress almost forgotten in the crowded theatrical life of New York to become one of the most talked-of women on the local stage. Henrietta Crossman has for the past few years acted outside of New York, and there was nothing about her career to impress her on the public memory when she was out of sight. Actors are soon forgotten unless they are conspicuously to the front. So the spectators awaiting Miss Crossman's appearance in "Mistress Nell," when George Hazelton's play was acted for the first time at the Bijou, recalled her as a competent actress in various New York productions five or six years ago—if they remembered her at all. That fortunate circumstance enabled her to triumph when no such event had been expected. An unknown play and an actress little more familiar do not make a combination likely to meet the lucky fate that befell this enterprise. Mr. Hazelton's play makes no claim to historical truth in its use of the love-affairs of *Nell Gwynne* and *Charles the Second.* He has made of certain incidents more or less suggested by facts in the career of the actress and her royal lover, a comedy that is easily the best work of its kind that has recently come from any native dramatist. His four acts pass in the wholly artificial atmosphere of the Carolinian drama, and is no nearer actual life than Charles Lamb found the plays of Wycherley, Congreve, and the other writers of the day. Purely comic is the purpose of the play, although dramatic contrast comes from the rather over-serious intrigue in which the *Duchess of Portsmouth* and *Buckingham* are involved. The man loves the actress, and the woman is plotting to cause her ruin. She has been to supper with the king, cares only for him, and, disguised as a youthful soldier, recovers the supposedly valuable papers which foil the purposes of the plotters against her and England. *Nell* is seen at her first meeting with *Charles* while rehearsing on the stage of the King's Theatre, and then in the days of the wealth and power this acquaintance leads to. She is represented as the nearly always buoyant, roguish, warm-hearted, witty actress of history, and the author has supplied sufficiently the style of talk necessary to create the atmosphere of the period. The novice hand is occasionally betrayed in workmanship so crude as to be scarcely recognizable as the work of the writer who has given the play its best scenes. These latter are so much in the majority that Mr. Hazelton shared the little triumph that the actress earned. Her unflagging vivacity and spirit are just the qualities needed for *Nell.* She supplements them with a delicious sense of humor that is not only expressed with the art of experience, but is always free from the least suggestion of indelicacy. And the value of these traits in any embodiment of *Nell* cannot be denied. Miss Crossman shows the value of training under good masters, and unlike Miss Walsh she has not lost during her absence from the local stage the effects of her apprenticeship in the Daly and Frohman companies. It is highly probable that she would have failed along with "Mistress Nell" if the play had not pleased so thoroughly, and New York would have thought of her now no more than it has during the last half-dozen years or more. But her skill applied to a comedy that was of a degree of merit met with much more frequently in actors than in plays made the success of the whole venture notable. And in accepting her as an actress of something like genius, the critical New York public expressed as much its surprise as its admiration.



Harold Russell and Blanche Walsh.



Joseph Kilgour in "Marcelle."

THIS BUSY WORLD

BY E. S. MARTIN

PRESIDENT JONES of Hobart College thinks that too much money is spent nowadays in furnishing college undergraduates with enervating luxuries and not enough in paying fair salaries to college professors. The professors, he says, are sadly underpaid, but for the lads whom they teach and who never pay the cost of the education they are getting, luxurious club-houses are built and furnished, and a manner of life made possible which is unsuited to their years, and not conducive to profitable training.

He will have the sympathy of many parents and of many observers in the general tendency of his criticisms. Most of us are more or less disconcerted by the evidences that appear, especially in the greater universities, of luxurious living among the undergraduates, and most of us who have been a good while out of college are inclined to croak about it, and say that it wasn't so in old times. We know, too, that, as Dr. Jones says, a steady stream of money is flowing into most colleges out of the pockets of the alumni to make all these luxuries possible. But most of us also know that there has been an enormous increase of wealth in this country in the last twenty-five years, and a proportionate elevation in the standard of living. We know that as a rule the college boys who have fine rooms and luxurious club-houses are the sons of well-to-do people, and live, if anything, less luxuriously in college than they do at home. Large rooms, good furniture, and porcelain bath-tubs do not in themselves constitute sinful excesses, and if college boys can afford such things there is no very grievous harm in their having them. Outside of West Point and Annapolis it is impossible to constrain young men to anything like an equality of expenditure, and it is not certain that it would be profitable to do it even if it could be done. A university, which is a microcosm and reflects in considerable measure the unequal conditions of life which obtain in the world outside of it, is all the more instructive on some accounts because it is a microcosm. Lads learn in such places that there are a good many things that money doesn't buy, and that a superabundance of material possessions does not make up for the lack of sense or of engaging personal qualities. Other lads learn the lesson of doing without a great many things which many of their fellows possess. It is a lesson worth learning, and strengthens character.

* * *

THEN, too, Dr. Jones might have pointed out that though luxury has invaded most of the colleges to a conspicuous extent, there is not, so far as we know, such a thing as a rich man's college in the country. The great universities, to which the supremely solvent are most disposed to send their sons, make better provision for poor lads nowadays than they ever did before, and have on their rolls the names of far more students of limited means than they used to have. Harvard has trebled in numbers in thirty years. The wealth of the country has duly contributed to that increase, and there is no college where luxurious living is more in sight than at Harvard. Still, the bulk of her numerical increase is made up of students whose business in Cambridge is to learn, and to whom economy is a vital matter. And a vast deal of the money that continually flows into Harvard is devoted to helping poor students live at small cost without injury to their health. So it is at Yale, where it was found expedient the other day to appoint an officer to have special supervision of the self-supporting students and see that they did not harm themselves by overwork.

* * *

IS it true that luxury—which means comfortable living—is inevitably enervating to youth? One of the greatest and most expensive of luxuries is cleanliness. A lot of money is spent in colleges in washing facilities. All a college boy needs to keep himself fairly clean is a tin tub and a bucket of water. But a good many lads who come to college have been used to be rather saving in the use of water, and of soap too, and to get accustomed to a more lavish use of these luxuries is a distinct advantage to them. College boys are better lodged than they used to be; their rooms are probably better heated and ventilated than they used to be; all sanitary appliances are better in the modern college buildings than in the old. These things have cost money, and we old fogies arch our eyebrows at them, but, after all, they belong to the times, and we must hope they are not seriously hurtful.

Moreover, since civilization is a development of wants, and since we send lads to college to be advanced in civilization, it is not certain that we are quite reasonable when we complain, as Dr. Jones does, that they learn to need too many things. To have some acquaintance with the more profitable luxuries of life may fairly be considered as a legitimate part of a liberal education. It is a pity if a lad becomes so inured in college to the soft side of life that he can't be happy without sash-curtains and a brass bedstead, but surely a college graduate should have come by observation and experience to know that it is not seemly to drink out of finger-bowls. There is a good deal of education for a lad who is used to very plain living in being for a time a member of a family that lives in a better and more expensive style, and where luxuries that he doesn't know by sight are in common use. Such an experience is rather illuminative. The lad gets some new ideas, which are not vitally important, but which are sure to come handy if his way in the world tends upwards. So in a modern college the familiarity of lads who have seen little of polite life with the apparatus and employments of their fellows who have seen somewhat more of it is not entirely without advantage, even when it is limited in extent. If it results, as Dr. Jones thinks it does, in making it the undergraduate's problem to compass pleasures and possessions he cannot pay for, that of course is an ill result and a pity, but some part of the risk of this is offset by the fact that a good many unessential toys are a good deal less dazzling when seen near to and tried than when seen afar off and out of reach. It does not follow that because a college boy has had a hundred-thousand-dollar club-house at his disposal for a year or two he can't live without a club when he gets out. It is at least as likely to happen that having tried clubs he is able to make a just estimate of their value, and bothers his head about them less than if he had never been in one.

* * *

IT appears from Principal Booker T. Washington's annual report that during the year ending May 31, 1900, the average attendance at the Tuskegee Institute has been 1083. About one-third of the students are young women. The expenses of the institute for the year were $76,000; its cash receipts, $236,000; so that the endowment fund, which got the bulk of the difference, received a handsome increase. That fund amounts now to $152,232, and Mr. Washington wants to increase it to $500,000. There are also special needs of the institute — as for steam heat, for a library, a dormitory, a hospital, and other buildings— that call for about $100,000 more. There were fifty-one graduates of the institute this year. Many students cannot stay long enough to graduate, though they receive a good training before they leave. The demand for graduates of Tuskegee is greater than the supply. They are wanted especially just now as instructors in other schools modelled on the Tuskegee plan. The late C. P. Huntington was actively interested in the industrial education of negroes, and was a stanch friend of the school at Tuskegee. The largest of the gifts recorded in the current report is $50,000 from Mr. Huntington and his wife.

* * *

THE Hall of Fame of the New York University promises to be a great success. The selection of the first fifty names which are to adorn its tablets has attracted an unexpected amount of notice. The newspapers have followed the conclusions of the judges, as they were divulged from day to day, and their choices have been very generally recorded and discussed. The Hall of Fame is a colonnade extending 500 feet in a semicircle on University Heights in New York, on a site that commands a view of the Hudson. It is intended to connect two buildings of the New York University. The funds to build it are believed to have been contributed by Miss Helen Gould. It is now in process of construction and well on towards completion. It will be recalled that the plan was that its tablets should contain spaces for 150 names of famous Americans, born on what is now territory of the United States, and dead not less than ten years at the time of selection. Fifty names were to be chosen to begin with, and the rest added at the rate of five every five years until all the tablets were filled. A hundred judges were selected, including college presidents and professors, justices of the United States Supreme Court and of other courts, scientists, statesmen, authors, and other distinguished men and women. Of the hundred, ninety-seven have served. To them were submitted the names of 234 eminent men and women, each one of which had been approved by some member of the university senate. Each name to be honored had finally to be approved by a two-thirds vote of the university senate. The work of tabulating the lists sent in by the judges was finished on October 12. The university senate convened and agreed to approve all candidates who had received more than fifty votes. There were twenty-nine, and this is the list of them in the order determined by the votes they received:

Washington, Lincoln, Webster, Franklin, Grant, Marshall, Jefferson, Emerson, Fulton, Longfellow, Irving, Jonathan Edwards, Morse, Farragut, Clay, Hawthorne, George Peabody, Robert E. Lee, Peter Cooper, Eli Whitney, Audubon, Horace Mann, Beecher, Kent, Story, John Adams, Channing, Gilbert Stuart, and Asa Gray.

The university senate voted that the remaining twenty-one names should be selected in 1902, and asked the present judges to serve again. The list, so far as completed, is highly interesting, and the contemporary schoolboy who does not know the chief facts in the career of every person whose name appears in it is safe in concluding that he is deficient in general knowledge of the history of his country, and should inform himself without undue delay.

The fact that the names of Hamilton (who was born in the West Indies) and some other famous Americans are not eligible has led the university authorities to recommend a supplementary hall to form a part of the present one, as a memorial to foreign-born Americans of high distinction. The proposition is that it shall contain thirty panels, ten to be filled at the start, and one every five years thereafter. But this suggestion is not very well received. Hamilton belongs with the other great men of the Revolution. As a citizen of the United States at the time of the adoption of the Constitution he was eligible to the Presidency, and he ought to be eligible for any American honor that a deceased citizen can enjoy. He can spare the Hall of Fame much better than the Hall can spare him. The stipulation that the Hall of Fame candidates should be native-born does not seem, on the whole, to have been well advised.

A number of possible candidates, such as James Russell Lowell, George William Curtis, General Sherman, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Phillips Brooks, have died too recently to be eligible as yet.

* * *

BOSTON'S new Symphony Hall was opened on October 15 with a special concert, whereat Colonel F. L. Higginson made a speech and Mr. Owen Wister read a poem. The new hall is in the Back Bay district, on the corner of Massachusetts and Huntington avenues. It cost $750,000, of which $410,000 was raised by subscription and the rest borrowed. Mr. Charles McKim, of New York, was the architect, the acoustics were studied by Professor Sabine of Harvard, and other wise Boston men helped in the construction. The hall seats 2500 persons. So far as could be judged on the opening night it is excellently suited to its purpose. Colonel Higginson, the chief stay and support of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, for which the hall was built, is one of Boston's most useful and public-spirited citizens, and seems to have an incorrigible propensity to undertake enterprises not promising in a pecuniary sense, but which Boston needs to have carried out. He told how the hall had been built by "certain citizens of Boston, without regard to return in money," and said he had leased it from the directors for ten years, agreeing to meet all charges and expenses, and pay the stockholders the rest of the receipts.

* * *

THE newspapers record a rumor that Mr. Russell Sage, Mrs. Hetty Green, and Mr. James J. Hill, all well-known citizens of the United States, are interested in a project to build a hotel in London for working-girls on small salaries. There is a suspicion of comedy in the association of these particular citizens in such an enterprise, but, after all, they may be associated with many others, and Mr. Sage at least admits that he has heard of the project and may possibly become implicated in it.

It is not recalled that any American since George Peabody has contributed very notably to promote the comfort of working Londoners, though American parents now and then have helped along the leisure class. Perhaps it is time that a new record was made. The city is excessively overcrowded nowadays. The *Spectator* pointed out the other day that according to recent estimates 900,000 persons (one-fifth of the population) are living closer together than the London laws allow. The last census showed that 3000 Londoners were living eight in a room, 9000 seven in a room, 26,000 six in a room, and there are 300,000 more people in London now than when that census was taken. The overcrowding is undoubtedly prodigious. It is a satisfaction to see it held that relief is really coming from this side of the ocean—not from the benevolence of Mrs. Green and Mr. Sage, but from the business enterprise of our Mr. Yerkes of Chicago, who declares what London needs is rapid transit, and who is prepared apparently to give her all she will accept, at the lowest market-rates, and on the surface or below it. At last accounts Mr. Yerkes had bought a franchise for one underground railroad and hoped to get others. He has had experience in Chicago, and probably knows more about carrying the working population of a great city back and forth from its work than any Englishman living. He wants to put trolley cars in the London streets, and says they would drive out the 'busses and be the making of the town, but he has very little hope of that. What he does expect to do is to build an electric underground road from Charing Cross to Hampstead, with various connections, which he hopes may prove the trunk line of a system of suburban rapid transit.

A new underground electric road built on the American plan, with democratic cars and a fare of two pence, was opened in London in July. It runs six miles, from the Bank of England to beyond Kensington, and carries 100,000 passengers a day. It is a success, and the Londoners begin to think they like such roads and need more of them, so there is really good hope that Mr. Yerkes will prove a successful missionary and do London good. He aspires to bring the north of London suburbs within reach of the London workers, and so relieve the congestion in Whitechapel and Lambeth. Very hard things are said of the greedy American business man, especially when he is rich and makes unsuccessful enterprises co-operate to their profit, yet it is possible that the benefits resulting to communities from some of his profitable machinations may weigh somewhat in his favor at the last day, and even be counted as arguments in restraint of the policy of hustling him off among the goats.

A Halloween Wish

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK

THE rosy apple's bobbing
  Upon the mimic sea—
'Tis tricksy and elusive,
  And glides away from me.

One moment it is dreaming
  Beneath the candle's glare,
Then over wave and eddy
  It glances here and there.

And when at last I capture
  The prize with joy aglow,
I sigh, may I this sunshine
  Of golden triumph know

When I essay to gather,
  In all her witchery,
Love's sweetest rosy apple
  On Love's uncertain sea!

Mr. Dooley*

NO. XLIII.—ON THE PROGRESS OF THE CAMPAIGN

"HOW'S th' bettin' on th' iliction?" Mr. Hennessy asked.

"'Tis goin' on splindidly," said Mr. Dooley, "an' befure long they'll be some money put up. At th' prisint time th' parties is onable f'r to agree. Richard Croker offers to bet th' north wind again th' fill iv Lincoln Park with ozone that Bryan's th' man, but he wants too much odds. On th' stock-exchange yesterday a well-known broker that's supposed to be actin' f'r James R. Keene offered to wager th' contints iv a baloon again a lung full iv smoke that Mack 'll carry Ioway. Th' other party to th' wager rayfused th' offer, an' th' two spoorts compromised on a bet iv th' dhrinks that Shakspere wrote 'To Have an' To Hold.' I was comin' up in th' ca-ar to-night an' there was two la-ads discussin' th' situation. 'I bet ye a millyon dollars,' says wan iv thim, 'that McKinley carries Kansas.' 'What odds 'll ye give?' says th' other. 'Two to wan,' says th' la-ad. 'I take ye,' says th' other. 'By th' way, did ye buy that sewin'-machine f'r ye'er wife?'

"'Tis a quare campaign, Hinnissy. In th' first place, there ain't anny issues. Ye can usually scare up an issue in a campaign, but in this wan no wan is goin' to vote th' way he believes. Says me frind Binjamin Harrison: 'Th' conduct iv th' Administhration has been littel short iv hellish. Th' idee that this gover'mint shud sind out throops to murdher an' pillage an' elope with th' sthrugglin' races iv th' boochoos Ph'lippeens, makes me blood bile almost to th' dew pint. I endorse ivrything Willum J. Bryan says on th' subjict, an' though it goes hard f'r me to say it, life-long Raypublican that I am, I exhort ivry follower iv mine to put inmities aside, f'rget his prejudices, an' cast his vote f'r Willum McKinley.' Says me frind Olney, th' wan that thranslated th' Monroe docthrine into English: 'No crime cud be worse thin th' demoneytization an' digradation iv th' dough we all wurruk so hard f'r, onless it wud be th' intherference iv polluted arnychists with thim thrusts that has dayviloped th' resources iv th' profission in which I am a desarvin' mimber. But f'r these vast combinations iv capital an' industhry they wud be no security in this counthry that th' banks wudden't take. An' with th' growth iv th' thrusts our counthry expands an' increases an' gets larger till they'se hardly a corner iv th' wurruld where th' inhabitants ain't afraid we're comin' in. I hope f'r to live to see th' day whin th' glories iv our civilization an' thrusts an' syndicates an' sound money, an' little iv that, will pinethrate th' disolate places iv th' earth, an' th' Stars an' Sthripes will wave over a wurruld ayether,' says he, 'free,' he says, 'or dead,' he says. 'Thin rally r-round our banner, put ye'er shouldhers to th' wheel, an' give a long pull, a sthrong pull, an',' he says, 'a pull altogether f'r commercial combinations, expansion, th' subjygation iv subjygatiable races, goold money, an' th' peerless Willum J. Bryan.'

"Lord bless me, 'tis enough to make a man dizzy, Hinnissy. They'se me frind Grover, I thought, be hivins, we'd heerd th' last iv him but f'r an occasional groan fr'm th' wilds iv Noo Jarsey. A year ago 'twas: 'Where's Cleveland?' 'Th' Lord on'y knows or cares. Prob'ly dhrivin' a milk wagon.' An' how is it to-day? Th' shore iv Boozards Bay is crowded twinty deep with men whoopin' through megaphones. They'se a stout man settin' out on th' wather in a little boat with a jug in front to balance. An' 'tis me ol' frind, th' lost, th' defeted, th' hated, an' despised thraitor an' tyrant S. Grover Cleveland. 'Grover,' says a man with a horn. 'What is it?' says th' la-ad in th' boat. 'Ar-re ye in favor iv goold money?' 'I dinnaw; I've got a whale on th' line.' 'Grover,' says another. 'What d'ye want—scarin' th' fish?' says Grover. 'Ain't ye again expansion?' 'I can't hear ye,' says Grover. 'Get back a little—about a mile—an' speak more slow.' 'Won't ye come out f'r Bryan?' 'I wudden't come out f'r annything but fish.' 'Ar-re ye a pathrite or a thraitor?' 'I'm nayether; I'm busy.' 'Won't ye tell th' people to vote f'r sound money?' 'Tell thim to take anny kind they can get f'r their votes.' 'Will ye abandon Mark Hanna?' 'He was an abandoned man befure.' 'Won't ye say a wurrud f'r Bryan?' 'He needs no more wurruds thin he has said f'r himself.' 'Ye'er counthry is bein' rooned.' 'Th' fishin' is bein' rooned be ye'er noise,' says Grover. 'Leander, row me off a mile or two, where I can dhrop a hook in peace. Manewhile I'll take a pull at th' bait an' pondher on how much pleasanter it is to be catchin' finny monsthers thin dodgin' bricks. Gawd help th' land,' he says, 'to lingrin' ills a prey,' he says, 'where statesmen multiply,' he says, 'an' fishermen decay,' he says. 'Annyhow,' he says, 'they didn't know a good thing whin they had wan, which,' he says, 'was me.'

"An' so it goes—Croker an' Carl Schoortz, Altgeld an' Olney, Rosenfelt an' Quay, Carlisle an' Stewart. What's a plain, foolish, an' thoughtless man like mesilf to do? Sure they ought to have wan place f'r a citizen to vote f'r his principles an' another to vote f'r his candydate."

"I," said Mr. Hennessy, "will vote as I shot."

"With ye'er eyes shut?" said Mr. Dooley. "'Tis th' on'y way."

F. P. DUNNE.

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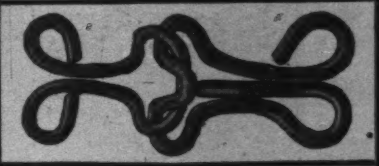

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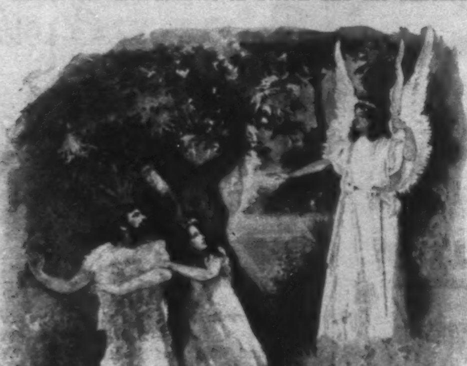
SOME NOTES ON OBERAMMERGAU. I.—GENRE

BY WILLIAM HENRY FROST

ON one of the walls of the theatre of the Passion at Oberammergau is a picture representing a performance of the play as it is assumed that it was done at its beginning, in 1634. The surroundings are strikingly different from those of to-day, but the scene which is passing on the stage, that of the crucifixion, looks much like the one which has been seen every Sunday this summer. There is room for doubt as to the historical accuracy of the picture.

To the student of dramatic or of religious history the most interesting feature of the Passion Play is its representation, in so far as it gives one, of the religious drama of the Middle Ages—the ages when the religious drama was the only drama, and when religion permeated the amusements, as well as the work and all the thought of the people. Doubtless ninety-nine out of a hundred visitors at Oberammergau go thither as mere sight-seers, but for the hundredth who has a more serious purpose it may be profitable to consider how much he is finding of that which he went out to see.

And it is true that the dramatic student may look long and hard at the Passion Play without seeing much in it to remind him of what he has read of the mediæval religious drama, except by its difference. He does not see the triple stage of heaven, earth, and hell; he misses the uncouthness in action and the anachronisms in costume which he knows must have marked the Biblical plays of four hundred years ago. He sees nothing of the buffoonery on which the chroniclers have dwelt so much. He sees instead a gigantic spectacle, modern in its methods, elaborate in its preparation, serious and reverent in its performance, placed upon the stage in a manner of which any of the world's great capitals might be proud. How, then, is this a relic of the mysteries of the Middle Ages, except in the fact that it is their lineal descendant?



ADAM AND EVE.

Outwardly there is little of the relic about the Oberammergau play, to be sure. It is as well up with the times as the most carefully prepared opera at the Metropolitan. In the picture on the wall of the theatre the stage is set up in the church-yard. This is probably correct. It would naturally be there, unless it was inside the church, though the mediæval plays were often given in the street. But that was at an advanced period of the religious drama. Oberammergau has never been advanced till lately. A bank of seats, like a small grand stand, is shown. Both stage and seats were, of course, open to the sky. The stage is a mere platform, having wooden screens at the back and sides, with scenery painted on them, and a sliding curtain in front.

It may be as well to say, for the benefit of those who have only a casual knowledge of the ancient mystery, that the triple stage so often described, though it undoubtedly existed, was by no means always or even usually employed. A single stage was more common, or a double one, made by using for the action the street itself, and also a sort of wagon called a pageant, which was drawn from place to place. The pageant was for large towns, where the play had to be given before many audiences on the same day, and naturally it was never used at Oberammergau. It is not unlikely that the play of Oberammergau was always a bit more pretentious than the generality of mysteries, as it was done only once in ten years, and in fulfilment of a sacred vow, so that it had from the beginning a dignity which must have been lacking in the little scenes which were acted by the tradesmen of Chester or of York to help to make a holiday.

But it had something of the coarseness and the supposed humor which were frequent in the old mysteries. And here again I believe that a wrong impression has been conveyed by some of the writers on this subject. They have naturally dwelt on the points which they thought would most surprise and entertain their readers, and so they have told so much about the comic elements of the religious plays that they have made it seem that they were pretty nearly all farce. In some of the plays comic scenes and incidents were prominent, of course, but I believe that they pervaded the religious drama as a whole much less than is generally supposed. Moreover, the plays at their best were simply and unfeignedly reverent, though many of them contained passages which would severely shock the modern sense.

All these are, of course, gone from the Oberammergau play. The devil is a prominent character in the oldest manuscript of the play that exists. He does not come upon the stage now. The death of Judas used to send the audience into shrieks of laughter; now it is tragic and terrible. In short, everything in the old mystery which was crude, inexpert, vulgar, cheap, commonplace, has disappeared in its modern representative, and in its place there is a fine and noble production, as different from its forerunner as "Parsifal" is from the fairy play of the nursery.

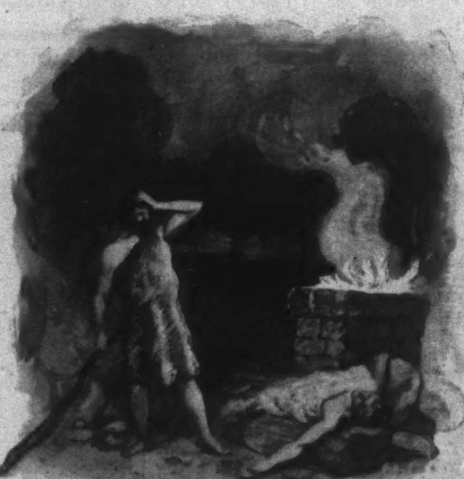
Does it, then, show to the dramatic student anything that can help him in his understanding of the mystery of the Middle Ages? I believe that it does, if the student has eyes to see. It must be realized at the start that it would be hopeless to try to convey to the modern spectator the exact impression of the mediæval play. Even though a stage-manager could reproduce it exactly, he would still be defeated by the impossibility of giving to his audience mediæval eyes to see it and mediæval minds to understand it. So that any one who should attempt such a thing would be confronted by the paradox that the nearer he came to success, the greater would be his failure. A modern audience, in spite of all intellectual effort to make allowances and to put itself into a Middle Age attitude of mind, could not but be shocked by the presentation of some of the mediæval mysteries. But the audiences which saw them were not shocked. Jests and irreverent passages at the expense of the most sacred personages did not trouble these people, and the Church itself took no exception to them. And where no irreverence is intended and none is understood, none exists.

Any one who has walked through Salisbury Cathedral can partly realize to what lengths the Church permitted, and even encouraged, the people to carry amusements which seem to modern thought to involve all but the last possible degree of irreverence. For there is a little tomb, bearing the effigy of a child, scarcely more than a baby, dressed in the robes and the mitre of a bishop. He was one of the boy bishops of Salisbury. Every year, for a few days at Christmas, the boy bishop held his state. He had his train of children, representing priests, attendants, and servants. The real bishop stepped aside and gave him all but absolute authority like his own. He performed an imitation of the mass, and travestied other ceremonies of the Church. If, while his little term of office lasted, there was a vacancy among the subordinates of the real bishop, he might fill it, and there is at least one recorded case in which he did. And this particular little boy died before his term ended, so he was buried as any other bishop would have been, and there he lies in the nave of Salisbury Cathedral, with his image in stone above him—a bishop forever. In the plays God himself was sometimes represented with face gilded and wearing a gilt wig. Peter was usually a comic person, as well as Judas. In the favorite scene of the harrowing of hell, in which the Christ came and led out the good men of the Old Testament, a dishonest ale-wife made much coarse fun. Yet the people were not shocked at these things, and the priests saw no reason why they should be.

And now the best service which the Passion Play can perform for the student is to convey to him as nearly as possible the effect which the old mystery conveyed to its audience. And since no one in the old audience was offended by anything on the stage, everything in the Oberammergau play which could offend the audience of to-day must be eliminated. Therefore the comic parts were long ago left out of it. The devil and his imps were banished, and even Judas has assumed serious distinction and tragic force. The mystery was to its spectators the visible presentation of their religion, and this also the Passion Play, with its growth of grandeur and dignity, has become, or has remained, to those who see it.

It has kept what was good in the old religious drama from which it grew—the earnestness and sincerity of its conception and its execution. For the understanding of it, it is needful to observe not only the play, but the audience; that is to say, the part of the audience which is composed of the natives of the country. One might almost say the audience more than the play, but that would be scarcely fair. But, looking at the one with the other, the stranger sees, as he could never understand without seeing, how the religion of these people permeates every act and thought of their lives, and how the representation of the most sacred things on the stage is to them, as to the people of four hundred years ago, no offence, but merely the bodying forth of the sacred images with which their hearts are filled.

The drama of the Middle Ages has passed away with the conditions which made it possible. Its form can be better understood in the library than in the theatre. The spirit which vitalized it, acting now in new conditions, produces something new and different. But in this something new the same spirit may be found and studied, and, when it is understood, it will certainly help the comprehension of the strange mass of semi-dramatic, semi-religious literature which represents the most that there was of the acted drama in Europe for centuries. And this understanding the Passion Play of Oberammergau can help as no other spectacle in the world to-day can do.



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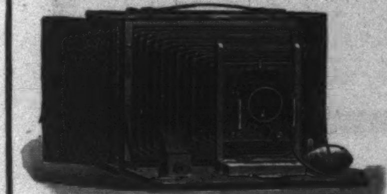

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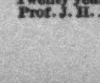

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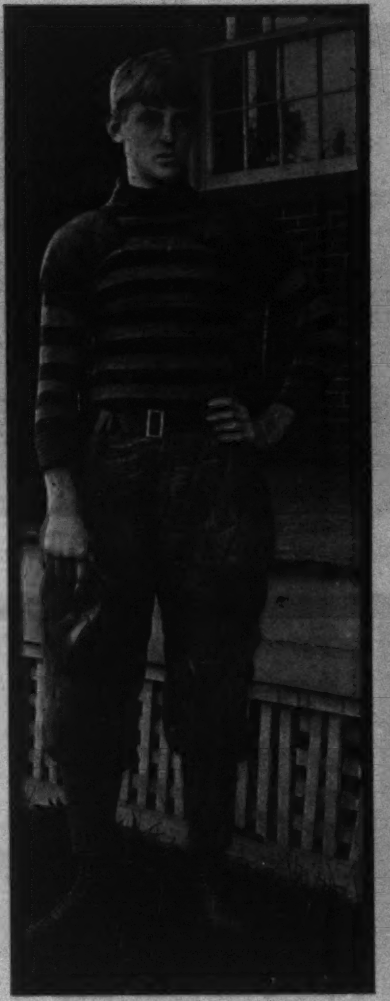

CAPTAIN PELL,
Princeton.

CAPTAIN SIMONS,
Columbia.

The Mid-Season in Football

As the intercollegiate football season progresses it becomes more apparent to close observers that the elevens of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and the University of Pennsylvania are still in a class by themselves. Columbia's victory over Yale a year ago, and Pennsylvania's reverses at the hands of Lafayette and the Carlisle Indians, created the impression that in due time the playing strength of the "Big Four" would be equalled by that of the smaller colleges, if not surpassed. But the showing made by the four leading universities this season would seem to indicate that their supremacy on the gridiron cannot be displaced for some time to come. Columbia's inability to beat Williams, and the crushing blow administered to the Blue and White by Harvard, provided ground for declaring Coach Sanford's men out of the reckoning with the big elevens, while Cornell's poor start, and the failure of the Ithacans to display any marked degree of superiority over a number of minor opponents, have served to put Coach Haughton's players somewhat in the background too. Two weeks ago it looked as if Yale and Pennsylvania would outclass Harvard and Princeton. But just at present it appears to be a difficult matter to say which has the better eleven, or which will be entitled to premier honors when the big battles on the gridiron have been fought. With a slow start, because of the many vacancies to be filled, Harvard and Princeton did not come up to expectations, but when the Crimson eleven polished off Columbia's best team, 24 to 0, it was convincing proof that the Cambridge men had gotten into a stride that is expected to make things decidedly interesting for Yale and Pennsylvania. The Harvard eleven, with the best make-up possible in the field, can be rounded into an almost invincible combination if it is properly and thoroughly coached. The men in charge of the coaching at Cambridge are competent, and have shown excellent judgment in making selections from the material at hand. Harvard's back field compares favorably with any in the country, and in some respects it can be pronounced the best. There is no quarter-back like Captain Daly, who has held the palm in this position for the last two seasons. As he occupies the key to the situation behind the line, it can be seen that Harvard is strong where her rivals are a trifle weak. Ellis, E. Kendall, and Sawin are the best backs at Cambridge, and the coaches will use them in all of the important contests as regulars. With able substitutes to take the places of these four men, Harvard has really no cause for alarm in this respect. Campbell and Hallowell, the fastest ends on the gridiron to-day, make the Crimson line a hard proposition to encircle. But the coaches have experienced no end of trouble in finding suitable men for the other forward positions. At the tackles Jim Lawrence has developed wonderfully, and looks like a coming man, but there appears to be no other player of his calibre to patch up with. Lee has played vigorous football at left guard, but Boal has been sadly needed, and may be induced to play later on. Harvard is weaker at centre than for some time past. Sargent has been exhaustively drilled to fill the place, but he is far below the requirements. Barnard, who has been playing right guard, is the object of steady coaching, but he has been very slow, and lacks aggressiveness. The rush-line, as at present constituted, is made up of big, strong, persevering men, but they have lots to learn before the places of Donald, Boal, Burnett, and Burden can be filled to the satisfaction of the critics. In punting, Harvard is comparatively weak, which has been the case since Percy Haughton left the university.

From the very opening of the season, Yale has followed out a set line of policy. The army of coaches at New Haven picked their 'varsity from the finest assortment of material that has shown up there in years, and then proceeded to drill football into the men with very little let-up. As a result, the Yale eleven on paper, and from its achievements in games with the smaller elevens, appears to be much stronger than any that has represented the Blue since 1897. The coaches have shown a decided preference for big, heavy men, so that the rush-line is the kind that Corbin, Woodruff, Gill, Stagg, Heffelfinger, and others produced years ago. The Yale team is composed of veterans, too, which is a pronounced advantage over Harvard. Captain Brown, than whom there is no better guard in the colleges, made a wise move when he placed Olcott at centre and put Dick Sheldon in at right guard, for this arrangement has proved to be most efficient. These three giants are not slow by any means, and they play the fiercest kind of football. They are heavy yet speedy, and they also know what is required of them. It is doubtful whether there is a better centre trio on the gridiron to-day, unless it is possessed by Pennsylvania when both Hare and McCracken are at the guards. Yale has two good tackles in Stillman and Bloomer; but the ends, while an improvement over last year's, are not in the same class with Harvard's two flyers. The coaches have been working all the year to develop two speedy ends, and have concluded that Coy and Gould are about

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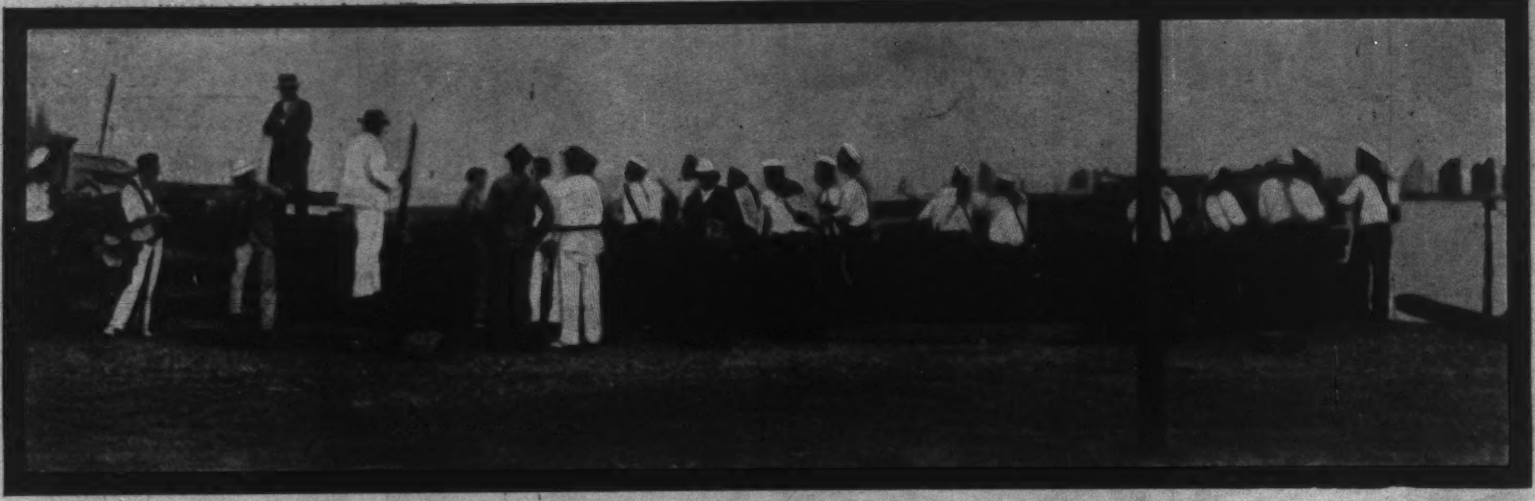
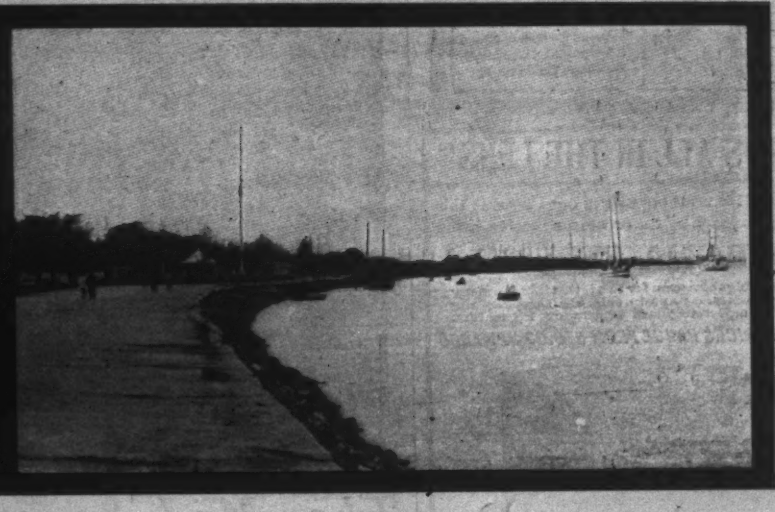


RUSSIAN SAILORS DEFENDING THE BARRICADE IN FRONT OF THE CUSTOM-HOUSE.

DEAD BOXERS IN FRONT OF THE CUSTOM-HOUSE.



NEWCHWANG,—CUSTOM-HOUSE ON THE LEFT.

THE RUSSIAN OCCUPATION OF NEWCHWANG.

CAPTAIN DALY,
Harvard.

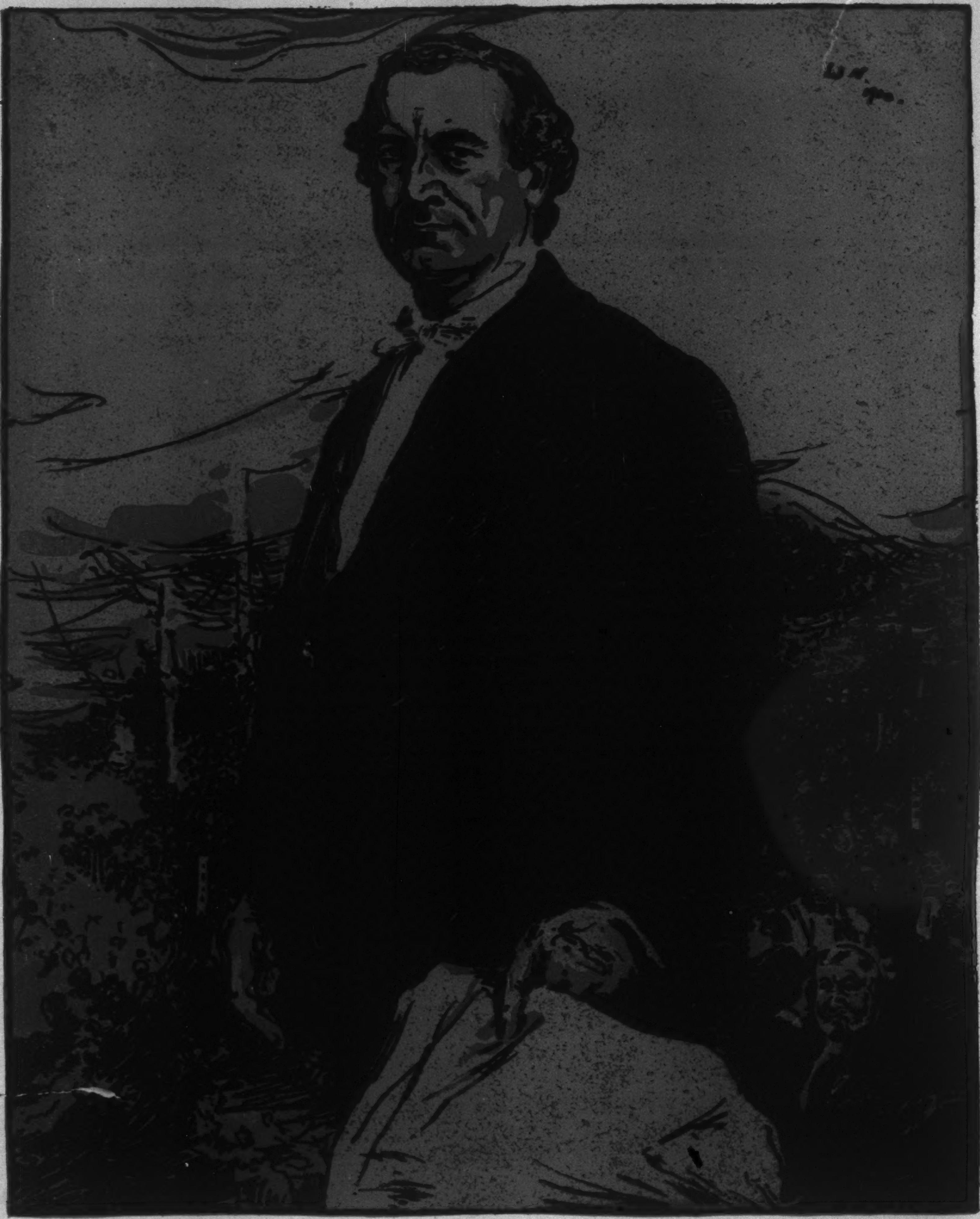
right, but Thomas may displace either. Behind the line, Yale, like Harvard, has some stars. Perry Hale, who jumped into centre last fall at the last moment, has developed into a great line-bucking full-back. He has the weight, and knows how to play every point of the game when it comes to advancing the ball. Another powerful line-hitter and end-runner is big Sharpe, who distinguished himself in the Princeton game a year ago with a goal from the field while standing close to the 45-yard line. Sharpe has made rapid strides this year, and with Hale will make trouble for opponents before the season closes, Hale and Sharpe are fixtures behind the line, and both can punt up to the average, though neither is in the class with McBride, whose remarkable kicking last year saved Yale in the Harvard game. Yale is uncertain as to the position of quarter-back, both Fincke and Wear showing considerable ability, though not enough to satisfy the demands of the coaches. Cook, Chadwick, and Hyde appear to be the best men who are after the vacant half-back place. Yale has been carefully handled by Mike Murphy, the trainer, who brought with him from the University of Pennsylvania many new wrinkles. Altogether the outlook at New Haven is more encouraging than it has been in years.

The University of Pennsylvania, like Yale, is surfeited with uncommonly fine material this fall, and Coach Woodruff had very little trouble in making his selections several weeks ago. Woodruff has not definitely settled the ownership of several places, but he is not worrying at all. The Pennsylvanians are as heavy as Yale, if not heavier. They average 185 pounds in the rush-line, and have shown a tendency to ruggedness that means they can stand the hardest kind of a campaign. As long as Pennsylvania has Hare and McCracken on the team, opponents can always expect action, for this pair can play football in every sense of the word. Woodruff still adheres to the belief that McCracken is more valuable at full-back than at guard, so, with Hare at the centre's left, Woodruff has filled the other guard position with Teas, a man who has improved with wonderful rapidity this season. In Wallace, Old Penn has one of the finest tackles in the colleges. He is a marvel in speed and in the power of ground-gaining, besides being a great general player. Quarter-back Graves is a "find," and bids fair to rival Daly of Harvard. He has played superb football in the minor games, but his real make-up will probably be discovered when Pennsylvania tackles Harvard. These are the bright particular stars on the Quaker eleven, which probably plays a more intricate game, as far as trick formations are concerned, than any other team. Woodruff has not abandoned his famous "guard's back interference," but he does not use it nearly so much as when it was first invented. Pennsylvania is powerfully strong in defence, but in attack there have been much looseness and a marked tendency to slop over. The Brown game showed that the Quakers could improve in many respects.

Princeton is the slowest of the "Big Four" to round into the proper form. The coaches have had no end of trouble in picking out suitable substitutes for the crack players who graduated last June. There has been plenty of available material, but the coaches have been puzzled as to the most advisable moves to make. With Palmer, Poe, Hillebrand, Edwards, Booth, Mills, Hutchinson, Reiter, and Wheeler out of it, the Tigers have been compelled to build up almost an entirely new eleven, which in itself is an undertaking of an unusual nature at a big university. The chief trouble is in bolstering up the centre trio, as the tackles appear to be well looked after by Pell and McCord. Roper is virtually sure of one of the ends, but there is a wide difference of opinion as to the other, and also in regard to the proper man for quarter-back, though Duncan seems to be preferable. Many experiments are being tried behind the line, and nobody at present can be put down as sure of a place. Princeton has always been noted for turning out an eleven of ability under the most adverse circumstances, and the followers of the Orange and Black believe that, because of this fact, everything will come out all right. Yale looks stronger than Princeton, but as the game will be played on the Tigers' gridiron, the Blues do not expect a soft snap by any means.

The dates of the "Big Four" games this year are as follows: Harvard *vs.* Pennsylvania, at Cambridge, November 3; Yale *vs.* Princeton, at Princeton, November 17; Harvard *vs.* Yale, at New Haven, November 24.

CAPTAIN BROWN,
Yale.



Drawn by William Nicholson.

William J. Bryan.

SUPPLEMENT TO *HARPER'S WEEKLY*,
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The Occupation of Newchwang

NEWCHWANG, CHINA, *August 28, 1900.*

THE principal events of the "Boxer" rebellion having taken place round Tientsin and Peking, attention has been rather diverted from the northern port—Newchwang. The rebellion has been widespread all over Manchuria. The destruction of many works on the Chinese Eastern Railway (which runs from Harlin, on the original Siberian railway to Vladivostok, to Port Arthur, and is only nominally Chinese) and on the Imperial railways of North China, Shan-hai-kuan to Newchwang and Sinmintun sections, also of mission stations and hospitals all over Manchuria, will serve to show that the fanatical outbreak was general in the province.

Except the Russians, the powers were strangely apathetic, and left Newchwang to its fate. On the Russian gunboat *Otvajny* devolved the defence of the town, assisted by a volunteer force comprising all the effective members of the foreign community.

The Custom House was selected as the central point of defence; all the streets leading thereto were strongly barricaded, and guarded night and day. It was an anxious time, but so alert was the watch that the Chinese hesitated to attack, and July passed slowly without hostilities.

It turned out, however, that Chinese fanaticism, exasperated perhaps by the occupation of the place by the Russian troops, made naught of numbers, and on the 4th of August, at 7.30 A.M., advanced to attack the street barricades.

In the van, as usual, came the fanatics, brandishing swords, and firm in their belief of their invulnerability.

The vigorous reply of the volunteers and marines soon dispelled the charm, but so confident were they that four reached the barricade. Three fell; one was captured by three volunteers who leaped the barricade and seized him. A re-enforcement of marines arriving, the Boxers fled, and vanished into alleys and side streets; thirty were killed, and others wounded. A general attack was shortly afterwards made on the east end of the town. No Boxer swords this time, but Mauser bullets wholesale. Again the attack was repelled by the Russians, and in the afternoon the tables were turned by the combined attack on the Chinese by the *Otvajny* and another Russian gunboat, and cavalry and infantry. By sunset the Chinese were completely defeated. Since then the Russians have gradually pushed their way north, and Newchwang is safe.

FINANCE

BY A.K.FISKE

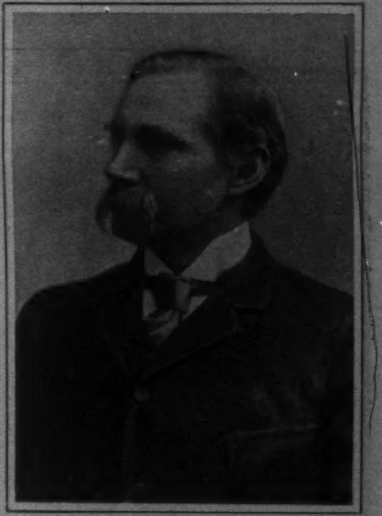
THE engagement abroad within a single week of over $9,000,000 in gold for the New York market is regarded as an incident of unusual interest under present conditions, though the importation of gold at this time of the year is quite the ordinary course of things. Our credit balance in Europe is even larger than usual and constantly increasing, and settlements have been staved off for weeks because rates for money have been higher in London than here, and the banks on that side of the water have been anxious to keep their gold while ours have been plentifully supplied. Latterly discount rates have been easier in London and Paris, and even in Berlin, while there has been a hardening tendency here, on account of the flow of funds from New York to the interior.

Nevertheless, the accumulation here of bills of exchange drawn against sales of breadstuffs and cotton has pressed down the rates until it was possible to bring over gold at a slight profit where it could be picked up outside of the great banks that guard the European supply. Of the amount recently imported $2,500,000 was obtained in South Africa. It was not any new product of the mines, but apparently British gold that had been paid out there in the course of military operations, and had come into the market for anybody who found it profitable to gather it in.

The importation really had small significance, and seems to have been a temporary spurt, for exchange rates grew firmer at once, while money continued easy in spite of occasional call loans at 3½ and 4 per cent. The drain West and South has produced only a slight effect upon rates for time loans, which are pretty slow during the uncertainty of the political campaign. Considerable borrowing was done weeks ago for the time intervening before election, on the supposition that rates would be higher after that event. Demands for business and speculation have been comparatively light on account of the disposition to wait until the political excitement is over, though confidence that there is to be no change of administration or of national policy has not waned.

The Stock Exchange has been more active of late, and on one occasion the day's transactions reached 600,000 shares, but it has been very irregular, and shows little sign of much participation by the outside public, which is still shy. The activity is largely manipulated, and stocks advance one day under some artificial impulse and react the next, though on the whole the tendency has been toward greater strength and better prices. There has been an unusual amount of selling of American securities on foreign account, which tends to depress the market.

The strike in the anthracite coal region appears at this moment to be in the course of settlement. The offer of 10 per cent. advance in wages was met by a counter-proposition from the miners for assurance of its continuance until next April, for the suspension of the sliding scale, a reduction in the price of powder, and an agreement to arbitrate other differences. The principal transportation and coal companies, under the lead of the Reading company, acceded to this, and the rest of the employing concerns are expected to come into line. While there is no formal recognition of the union, the result is a practical triumph for the miners, brought about by the power and influence of the organization of the United Mine Workers of America, into which most of them were brought in the course of the strike. No doubt there will be adjustments all along the line, from the miner to the consumer, including a somewhat higher price than formerly for anthracite coal, and more harmony of action between the operators as well as the workmen hereafter. The consumers will pay the cost of higher wages if not the losses of the companies on account of the stoppage of work.



William L. Wilson

WILLIAM LYNE WILSON, who died at Lexington, Virginia, on October 17, is remembered as a shining example of the scholar in politics. He was born in Charlestown, West Virginia, in 1843. He went to the local academy from 1851 till 1858, and graduated in 1860 from the Columbian University in Washington. After the war he studied law in the Columbian University. He soon made his mark both as a lawyer and as a citizen. In 1880 he was a delegate to the Democratic convention that nominated Hancock, and was an elector at large. In 1882 he accepted the Presidency of the West Virginia University, but later he was constrained to run for Congress and was elected. In Congress he served five successive terms, with increasing distinction and influence, becoming recognized especially as an authority on finance and the tariff. In 1887 he became a member of the Ways and Means Committee, and in 1891 its chairman. He fought ably and constantly for the gold standard, and opposed high protection. His early death is due to the strain of his labors for the repeal of the Sherman Silver Bill, and in behalf of the Wilson Tariff Bill which he introduced. He lost his seat in the elections of 1894, but before his term in Congress expired President Cleveland appointed him Postmaster-General. That office he administered ably for two years, and then accepted the Presidency of Washington and Lee University at Lexington, Virginia.

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